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BIRTHDAY REFLECTIONS.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

It will be over soon. Another year
To grow, and to fear Death is adding now
O'er the white noses of the past.

Alas!
I am not to be baptized. There were hours
Of joyousness that made the world seem new,
Once my heart, but they are silenced now,
And the on-mercury's view this station puts
Up a thin forest of bones. And there were streams
Upon whose breasts the sweet young blossoms loaded
To list the gush of music, but their depths
Are turned to dust. There too were blessed lights
That shone, sweet windows of the spirit, ere
The shine of new existence, but their glasses,
Alas, lie broken. Of all olden time,
Only the frosts of death and are lies
Old Death's cold monument.

How all is changed!
The gladdiness of my young and olden years
No more are dwellers of the earth. Their sons
Of love oft dazed upon the twilight breeze,
Or wander sweetly down through vistas and dyes
At midnight's calm and melancholy hour,
Are none alone in there! Ages of thought
Have come upon them, and, with a spirit won
Back from the dead, I walk with the dead again.
All young life's broken strings.

The thirst of power
Has been a fever to my youth. Oh,
Even in my boyhood, I was wont to gaze
Upon the world eastern realms, through tears
With an eternal disorder pent, the time
Exposure of Genius with its infants
Of dark close waters reaching to the heavens,
Or the wide sea, with all its roaring the grim seas
From their own clamorous, the giant-drinks
Waving their glorious hats with a mighty wave,
And darting their quick lightnings through the air
Like the red flash of swords—ay, I was wont
To gaze on these and almost weep to think
I could not match their strength. The same wild thirst
For power is yet upon me. Oh,
I am not to be baptized.

Well, be it so!
There is a quiet grandeur in my heart,
And neither love nor hate nor fear shall quell
The spirit of my God-like. Though my lung's strength
Grow feeble as manhood wore, its passing back
To its great source, and I can still have days
Twill rest forever in the sunny memories
Of God's immortality. I will not mourn.
Life's shrouded mansions. I can still drink in
The undisclosed beauties of the universe,
Gaze with a soul of faith upon the deep
Magnificence above, and hear the hymns
Of heaven in all the starry lessons, and
Kiss, rain and wind and mountain with the bright
And holy recognition of a spirit free from fear
Of an immortal rest. Past year, farewell!

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

ROSALIND HUBERT;

OR,

THE HILLSIDE TRAGEDY,

A STORY OF SUNSHINE AND SHADOW IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

BY EUGENIE CORD, JR.

CHAPTER XVI.

A NEW MOVEMENT.

As soon as the visitors were gone, Patty went up to Rosalind's room. She found the wretched girl upon the bed, as Albert had left her.

Rosalind, she said, with considerable feeling, "don't take on so. I can't bear to see ye do it."

"Dear!" repeated the girl, startling up and gazing wildly about her. "Oh! what must *I* bear! Woman, you never know what it was to suffer as I suffer now! Within this hour I have passed an ordeal a thousand times more agonizing than death itself! I have felt my soul break—I have had my soul tortured by a pain that drove me mad! Oh! just heaven, have mercy on me!"

"Don't, Rosa," urged Patty, pacing an arm about her neck. "Why can't ye try to hope? Ye was wise not to go with that young man. He was a fine-looking man, and I don't doubt he loves ye truly, and perhaps one of these days this trouble will all blow over, and then ye can go where ye please. But if ye'll part with him they'll a took ye, sure. Did ye tell him what ye'd done?"

"No."

"And ye was wise there, too, Rosa. If ye'd a told him that, he'd 'a been no miserable as could be."

"He is miserable enough as it is."

"But what d'ye suppose he thinks is the matter with ye, then? What d'ye suppose he thinks was the reason ye wouldn't go with him?"

Rosalind gazed into the woman's face with a look of terror. Then she clasped her hands upon her brow, and groaned in agony.

"Oh! my soul!" she cried, "I would to God I had told him all! I did not think—I did not think!"

"Ye're crazy, girl."

"I shall be! Oh! What a terrible doubt may rankle in Albert's bosom. He may think me lost! He may think that the being he has so fondly loved has been touched by a soul so foul, that all the prayers of a lifetime cannot remove it? Oh! if he knew the truth—if he knew that my crime was done to save my honor!"

"Well—he may know it some time, Rosa. I wouldn't take on so about it."

Again the poor girl sank down upon the bed, and hid her face in the pillow. Patty stood and gazed at her for some moments in silence, and then left the room. She could not offer consolation, and she could not bear to see her suffer.

"I tell ye, Michael," she said, with decision in her tone, "one of two things has got to be done. Either that girl has got to be taken away from here, or else I must help her to run away. I don't bear it any longer. I wouldn't see a dumb beast suffer so. It's too bad!"

"She does suffer a good deal, don't she?" returned the gamekeeper, in a meditative mood.

"It's beyond all telling, Michael. I never see such suffer'n' afore, and I don't never want to see it again."

"Well—I'm sorry, Patty, but it can't be helped now. You made a handsome little sum by it—I've liked old Goodman freely. You shall have fifty dollars for your own when the girl goes."

"Fifty, Michael?"

"Yes—in hard money."

There was something tangible in this sort of consolation, and Patty said no more upon the subject. Still her thoughts were at work, and she could not drive the poor sufferer from her mind.

All night long Rosalind lay in a sort of painful stupor, and when the first streak of dawn appeared in the east, she was aroused by a rap upon her door. She started up in terror, for she had heard a man's step, and the thought of an officer of the law was the first to flash upon her mind.

"Rosalind—are you up?"

It was her uncle's voice, and she answered—yes. The door was opened, and Thomas Goodman entered. He started back in alarm when he beheld the girl's face, but no spark of remorse burned in his breast. He feared that she would be crazy, for her wild look, as she first glanced at him, gave token of a mind that could bear but little more.

"Poor Rosa," he said, drawing her towards him. "You have suffered much?"

"Yes," she faintly replied, gazing up into his face. "I have suffered more than I can tell. Oh! how could you be so cruel?"

"I have not been cruel intentionally, my dear child." Goodman spoke with all the kindness he could assume, and shed upon his son about the girl's shoulders

"Oh, uncle, you have killed me!" Rosalind muttered, in a reproachful tone. "What had I ever done that you should treat me thus?"

"Rosalind, I freely acknowledge that I have done wrong—done very wrong—but this is not the time to explain. You shall yet think better of me. It is a long, strange story. However, let me now make such reparation as lies in my power, and I hope to forgive your past errors, as I now do screw your courage. I have come to take you to a place of safety."

"Will you take me away from here?"

"Yes. You can be safe nowhere else."

"And where will you carry me?"

"Where the sharp-eyed officers cannot find you."

"Oh, mercy! What a fate! Would they hang me if they could find me?"

"Alas, my child, I fear they would."

Rosalind clung to the man man for support. She did not see the evil that lurked in his heart. She only felt that he would help her. In all the world he was the only one to whom she could now turn. Those who might have sacrificed all for her good could not know of her great necessity. She was as a broken reed, crushed and bruised, without the power to help herself, constantly haunted by the awful gallows, and fearing danger in every strange sound.

"Would it not be better," she said, "to give myself up at once? Oh! they would not convict me of murder! They could not! This suspense is terrible. I cannot bear it!"

"Ah, Rosalind, you know not of what you speak. They would convict you of murder, and then you know what would follow. Think of the fearful stain that would hang upon your name, and—"

"Stop! oh, stop!" the poor girl shrieked in terror. "I cannot bear it! Oh! if I could die!"

"You shall be saved, Rosa. Come—courage now, and get ready to go with me as soon as you can. We must be off at once, before the people are stirring in the street."

"And you will carry me away from the city?"

"Yes—of course. There can be no more safety for you here. I have friends in the country who will give you shelter. Now, how long will it take you to get ready?"

"A little while—a few minutes."

"Then go to it at once, child. I step down and see Mr. Lockie."

There was a slight sense of relief in the thought of leaving the city, but it brought no joy. The night mist was shut in by a cold, dark cloud, which hung about her like a pall, and, turn which way she would, only shadows, ghastly and threatening, met her gaze. The one great thought which was present all the time, swaying her with irresistible power, and to which all other thoughts were secondary, was of the gallows! Patty had talked to her so much of it, and Michael had told it up before her so continually, and her uncle had given her such assurance of the danger, that she did not question the thing now.

Rosalind was not long in preparing for her journey. She bathed her aching brow, and combed her disordered hair, and then put on the dress she had selected to wear. In a little while Goodman came up, and the gamekeeper with him. They each packed up their things into your trunk?" asked the former.

"Yes, sir."

"That's right. That's along, Michael. Now, Rosa, you're ready."

She gave her hand to her uncle, and descended the stairs. In the dark passage she met Patty.

"Good-bye, Rosa," the woman said, and then she added, in a lower tone—"Don't hate me always. I have suffered more than I can tell. Oh! how could you be so cruel?"

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"Then go and look for yourself. This house is all open, and you can have a fire pass to every room in it. I will see the vessa away this morning with her cradle."

"Where has he taken her?"

"I wouldn't tell ye, sir, for I don't know."

"But you know which way they went?"

"No, I don't. I know they drove up into Hanover street, and that's all."

"He may have carried her in his own house."

"He might have done such a thing, though I don't think it at all likely."

Mr. Lashley did call the old sailor, with deep feeling: "I am very anxious to find that girl. Will you tell me just what you know of her whereabouts?"

He told him an honest, straightforward question, and you shall have an honest, straightforward answer. Thomas Gordon came here this morning before the sun was up, and said he wanted Rosalind. He knew that I didn't want to keep her here any longer, and he'd found some other place for her, I s'pose. I didn't ask him where he was going with her, and he didn't tell me. Whether he's in the city, or whether he's gone to Europe, I couldn't say."

"And now answer me a question," said Albert, trembling with excitement. "What was there between him and Rosalind? What had happened to her?"

"Didn't she tell you?" returned Lashley.

"She?"

"Then I'm sure I can't tell you."

"But you can tell me if you will, for you must know. What is it?"

"Why," said the pawnbroker, with a shrug of the shoulders, "I can tell ye what I've suspected. The kind o' hows afraid she had no mother to look after her. Didn't she show say signs of it last night?"

"Great God!" groaned the youth, starting back. "Oh! villain, you shall pay dearly for this! you shall find——"

"Hold on, my dear young sir," interrupted the pawnbroker. "Don't go in anger. I tell you Thomas Gordon is the man to whom you had better look."

"He is right," said the old sailor. "Thomas Gordon is the man. Let us go to a house at once. We can do nothing more here at present."

Albert passed into the pawnbroker's face, but he did not speak. He nodded as a sign of assent, and then turned and led the way from the shop.

What can all this mean?" he said, as they gained the sidewalk.

"It means that Gordon has taken the girl away," returned Peters; "and the scoure we can find her the better."

"And you know why he has done it," added the youth, gazing eagerly into the face of the mysterious man.

"I know that there is deep villainy at the bottom of it, my boy. I know that Gordon's character is as black-hearted a rascal as ever went unhung. But let us make haste. I know the way to his house."

Simon Peter motioned to himself as he walked along, and his great hands worked together as though they lathed. At the door of Gordon's house they stopped, and the old sailor knocked. After the lapse of a few moments the summons was again given, and this time a servant girl opened fearfully into his face.

"Is Mr. Gordon at home?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"I would like to speak with you a few moments my good woman."

She invited them into the parlor, and placed chairs for them.

"My name is John Peters, ma'am. The young man is Albert Vavrendale; and this is Mr. Drake. We are from Malden—from Mr. Aaron King's. You may know him."

"I have heard my husband speak of him, sir. He has a store living there." Mrs. Gordon was very pale and worn, and she trembled with apprehension. Peters saw that she feared some evil thing, and he made up his mind to give her accurate as he possibly could answer questions.

"We wanted to see your husband concerning this girl," he said. "Do you know where we could find him?"

"No, sir. He went away before daylight this morning."

"But don't you know where he has gone?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know what direction he took?"

"No. He only told me he was going away on business, and might not be at home for a week."

"Do you know how he went?"

"He went away from here in a coach. A man came for him very early."

"Could you tell me what kind of a coach it was?"

"It was so dark that I couldn't see plainly. It was a common coach, and had two very large, dark-colored horses."

"He rode away upon the inside, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"He has never said anything to you about this piece of work?"

"Only that the bad an excellent home at Mr. King's, sir."

The woman cast a hurried glance around upon her guests, and then, while a tremor shook her frame, she continued:

"What has happened, sir? You know my husband?"

"Very well, ma'am."

"And you know me?"

"I know you now."

"But we have not before, sir. I have seen you."

The sailor shook his head.

"I don't know but that you may have seen me many years ago."

Mrs. Gordon regarded the man earnestly, but she could call nothing to mind save the vague impression that he and one him at some former time.

"But of my husband, sir," she resumed eagerly. "What has happened?"

"I don't know that I could tell you."

"Keep nothing from me, sir. Let me know the worst."

"I will see you again. I will call here when I have time, for I have some things to ask as well as to tell. But you must excuse me now."

When the trio reached the street they stopped to decide upon the course they should pursue.

"We must hunt up that ere coach," said Simon Peter. "Paint likely that was many on 'em movin' so early in the morning, or if we can't get on to the track of it we can follow it easy enough. Of course it went from here to old Ladder's, and from that 'round 'a bean likely to 'ave gone one of three ways—east through Charlestu'—through Cambridge, or else through Roxbury. Now let's split up an' take three three routes, an' then we'll ken meet somewhar an' compare notes."

This proposition was favorably received, and they proceeded at once to carry it into execution. Simon going towards Cambridge; Albert towards Charlestown; while Peters took his way to the Southward. At an o'clock they met, and the old sailor had gained the desired clue.

"The coach went out over the Neck this morning," he said, "and I have made up my mind to follow it. I shall take a team at once and start off."

"Hadn't I better go with you?" asked Albert. "I guess you are not knowing how far I may have to go, nor how long I may be gone."

"But wouldn't it be safer to have me with you? You know not what opposition you may meet."

"Well," returned Peters, after considering awhile, "if you would like to go I certainly have no objection. Mr. Drake can return and report at Mr. King's."

"A smart, powerful horse was engaged, and before noon the two were on the road. At four o'clock they reached the inn where Gordon had stopped to dine, and here they gained certain intelligence of Rosalind. Just as the sun was setting they came to a point where the road branched off, and no house was in sight. They took the right hand one, and lost the track. They inquired at several houses, but no coach had passed that way.

"We must turn back," said Peters. "The other road must be the one. I'm sorry we've lost so much time."

"We'll try to make it up in some way," returned Albert, as he turned the horse about.

Nearly an hour was spent in the return, but they reached the forks of the road it was dark. However, when they had gained the other path they heard of the coach again, and with renewed hope they urged their horse on. At half-past nine they came to a house where they learned the way in which they saw the gilded letters of a tavern sign glinting in the moonlight. Their hearts were leaping with flesh, and they knew beyond not be safe to drive on in the night.

"Has there been a coach here, with a gentleman and lady in it?" asked Peters, as the host came out.

"Yes. They took supper here."

"Was the lady young?"

"I didn't see her, sir; but I should say she was weak and faint."

"How long since they left here?"

"Not more'n two hours."

"Did the man say how far he meant to travel to-night?"

"No, sir. He only said he hated to ride in the evening because it was cooler."

"You must let us have a fresh horse, sir," said Albert hoarsely, as he sprang from the carriage, "and we continue that coach to-night, and this suit will not be long."

"Well—I guess I can accommodate you. But what's the matter with the girl?"

"He is a villain!"

"Eh? Been stealin' somethin'?—Stealin'!—Arrest!"

"We can't tell yet what he has done," replied Peters. "But he is dragging a poor girl against away from her home and friends."

"Oh, that's it. Well, I'll see what I can do for you."

The exchange of horses was soon made, and away the pursuers rolled once more. The road was level for some miles, but finally they came to another fork, and were puzzled again.

"We'll take the one that's most traveled," said Albert, and the other was the course followed.

The next five or six miles lay through a dense wood, and when this was cleared they came to another village. It was near midnight now, but a light was burning in the inn, and the host was not nearly aroused. Albert asked after the coach, but it had not passed that way.

"*It couldn't have gone by without my noise it,*" the landlord replied. I have been in the house."

Then we're on the wrong road again," cried the old sailor; "and I don't see that we must stop here till daylight. It would be long past midnight before we could get back through the woods, and we should not be up to answer our purpose much after that."

"We can be off by daylight," said Albert.

"Yes—and we can easily overtake them when we get on the right track."

So it was arranged that their horse should be put up and that they should remain where they were.

The morning dawned clear and bright, and by the time the sun was up the pursuers had eaten their breakfast, and were again flying over the road. At length they heard of the coach again. It had passed about half past nine on the previous evening.

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"He can't be far ahead," cried Albert, plying the whip.

"Oh, fortune befriend us now!" ejaculated Peters. "Give the horse work for a few hours, and he may have rest then."

The hack went with a crack, and the powerful animal leaped away at the top of his speed. He dust rolling up in clouds behind the flying wagon.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHAT AWFUL WORD.

"Mather Gordan!" called the driver, from his seat. The coach was ascending a slight pitch in the road.

"What is it?" returned the broker.

"Come up here and keep me company for a little while."

The coach stopped, and Gordan got out, and as soon as he had gained his seat upon the box the horses were started into a gallop.

"What was you wishful," said the driver, dropping his tongue, and speaking in a low tone.

"Fellow!" repeated Gordan, casting a quick glance over the back of the coach.

"Yes—the fellow inside; but I've seen 'em three times. First I rambled half an hour ago, then the last time a little while ago. Then I see him again from the top of the next hill; and I saw 'em again just before I called you."

"But why do you think they are following us?" asked Gordan, uneasily.

"I can tell by their motions. They're in a flight wagon—two of 'em—and they whip up smartly. Twice I've seen 'em point at us. Now they've come another hill. We may see 'em from the top of that."

Up the hill Patrick drove upon a gallop, and at the top the men both turned.

"There—they are 'em!"

"I see 'em," replied Gordan. "By heavens, they are following us! Can't you get more speed out of your horses?"

"Yes—I can see him now quite plainly."

Is your eyesight keen enough to distinguish his dress?"

"Yes. I should say he was a sailor."

"By the gods! We must escape that man now! He must not overtake us. *We must overtake him!*"

"But who is he?"

"Drive up! Put on the lash! Let me think!"

The foaming horses dashed over and down the hill, and when Gordan could no longer see the pursuers he pressed his hands together and gazed down upon the foot-board.

"I can trust you," he said, looking up into his companion's face after a silence of some minutes.

"Of course you may," was the answer. "Try the powers, I don't see how you can very well help it."

"But will you stand by me through thick and thin?"

"I'll stand to you through everything that's necessary to the accomplishment of our purpose."

"Then," pursued the broker, with a wicked look, "we must conquer this man at once, or we must escape them both. I should—like—to *scuse* him from?"

"Who is he?"

"I don't know. I fear I cannot tell you. He has been to see me once—he came to find out where this girl was. I know his face—I have seen him in the city. I cannot call his name, but still I know something of his power over——"

"Over what?" asked the driver, as Gordan hesitated.

"Over me," the broker answered. "I will be frank and plain. I have told you that you should have your reward when I've got the girl safely off; but if this man gain the girl, or if he threaten us in any way, we shall neither of us have a penny."

"Well, that makes a plain case of it," said Patrick, thoughtfully. "But can't you tell me something about your mysto individual? What is he to you?"

"As true as there's a God in heaven, I cannot tell you. I have no acquaintance with the man. He has lately come home from India, and he has some strange knowledge of past events. I have told you that Rosalind was the heiress—— I'm only! Drive faster!"

"The horses are doing all they can, Tom. If we can hold them at this till we come to a cross road we may get away from him. There's a road ahead, and

TO ADOLF

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

When season's lovely little depart,
And evening steals nigh unnoticed by,
I know how widely across thy heart
To the dear home across the sea,
For there are the mother and the sister,
For there are some relics of the home.

Oh, brave stranger! thy dark eyes,
Where glorious day-dreams ever burn,
Have looked on many a wondrous sight
Around my native city's street,
Till on the skies of memory glow
The starry songs of long ago!

The sunny splendor of thy smile
Has charmed the very world with life;
The voice—whose melody awoke
Symbol on with electric thrills—
Caught its rich music, and its fire,
From many a wild-heard Saxon lyre!

My friend, for oh! there art my friend—
Though never more we've seen the sun
Above thy wandering slope shall bend
The blue skies of the fatherland—
Within my friendship's golden gates
For thee an English welcome waits.

Though in the pleasant Fatherland
Thou'lt cling to thy best loved ones more,
Weep not! an unbetrothed English hand
Will ever meet thine in the grave—
And lips shall greet thee, red as wine
From the rich fragrance of the vine!

But should thine exiled rest return
To stand the old home-hearth once more,
Still in my breast shall sweetly burn
Thy joyful, and beauty memory;
And for across the wild, true sea,
An English heart shall follow thee!

A TRUE LIFE.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

Knowledge through suffering entereth,
And life is perfected by pain.—P. B. SHELLEY.

"Surely, Mrs. Mitchell, you will not assert that a mere blotting of arrow over ever prevailed in human life! Oh, never was grief equal to my own! never affliction so specific as mine!"

So spoke Ada Ross, in the first desolation of her widowhood, and the friend who listened, whose calm, pale features bore the traces of suffering answered, long and patiently endured, answered only by an affectionate pressure of the hand, for such gentle words of consolation, such promises of Divine assistance as would have but mocked the sorrow-heart of the mourner, through the thick pall of suffering that wrapped her from all argument.

But when the inanimate clay that had once been the proud and happy Archer Rose had been laid beneath the green sod of the church-yard, when the house, by the kindly care of friends and attendants of servants, had been restored to something of its former cheerfulness, when all that should soo peacefully around the widow of him who was gone forever was carefully removed from her sight, and Ada's boyhood; and from her calm, loving sympathy, speaking again words of hope and comfort, of duties, and labors, and enjoyments not yet plucked away from the life that seemed so desolate, and compunctious to be was even in the deep solitude of Ada's widowhood; of pure friendship manifested earnest devotion to the suffering, and needy, and oppressed—by the companionship of great minds and loving hearts; and of the rest, and peace, and joyful security of the future lying far beyond the dark valley through which she must first pass, who had gone before.

And Ada listened now, and was comforted, inasmuch as she resolved not to yield to selfish sorrow; but still she fell and often said that her grief had ever equaled hers, no affliction had ever crushed human hearts as hers was crushing.

"Ada, are you sure you do rightly in thus arraigning your Heavenly Father?" Mrs. Mitchell asked, one morning, after she had listened to these self-reproachful assertions from Ada's lips. "He has not afflicted you beyond your strength, nor has sorrow upon you without many merciful alleviations. You were never separated from Arthur for an hour. He died blessing you with his last breath, his head resting upon your bosom, his loving glance fixed, until the last, upon your face. There was never a sharper pang in your married life, no discord marred the harmonies of your union, but there was peace, and love, and confidence until the end. He carried with him, down to the grave, the assured hope of a future and eternal reunion. Granted, your suffering child, but it was nothing was terrible and unexpected, do you think that hearts and lives had not been shattered by a severer wrench, one that has left bleeding flows in the torn living hearts, never to be healed this side the grave? Oh, Ada, you have been a little, and experienced little of human sorrow, when you look upon a few years of waiting for the Lord's mission, as the extreme of mortal suffering!"

Ada was awed by the solemn words that fell from the lips of her friend, no less than by the pallor of her face, and the strange introverted expression of her mild eyes, that seemed looking inward, wards to search out the sorrows and mysteries of the past. For the first time she acknowledged that she friend and comforter had suffered, and had passed the slightest of human knowledge—how to live worldly—through the extremity of fearful affliction.

She seized the pale, cold hand of her friend, and pressed it to her lips with the reverence due to great sorrow and mighty power; and, silenced, most of the petulant and selfish grief that had opposed itself to the ministry of the Master's unspoken suffering, she waited in silence for the revelation she dared not claim.

At length Mrs. Mitchell spoke, while a sweet, chastened smile came flashing softly over her face.

"I am going to tell you, Ada, what I have seen of the passages of my life, of events that occurred long, long ago, when I was younger than you are, and had known far less happiness. When I have finished you will have learned that one can live, and live not altogether uselessly nor unhappily, under the pressure of, and compassioned always by, the misery of sorrows and bereavements, by many pleasant memories which encircle the name of your lost one.

"In my youth I lived with my parents in the seclusion of a great agricultural district, nearly and afar from the crowded haunts of men, and exercised by high, heaven-reaching aspirations that aroused to seek out the world beyond, and interpose their impassable barriers between the dwellers of the plain and the restless ocean of busy humanity.

"Besides our own, there were but two or three families in the valley exclusive of the farm laborers and shepherds, who lived in little, gray stone houses, placed in straggling confusion, along the banks of the stream, or upon the rugged mountain slopes. Thus situated, I grew up almost isolated, with little knowledge of society and none of the world, save that which is gained from books; chiefly romances, which my parents, themselves entirely averse to all intellectual pursuits, and therefore unable to judge of the proper culture for such a mind as mine, and yet willing to give me pleasure, readily obtained for me.

"In those fascinating volumes I read of the life of the great world beyond our mountains, of the amusements and splendors of cities, of the monuments of art, and the beauty and grandeur of nature displayed to the eyes of fortunate travelers, and I longed, with an intense and passionate longing, to escape from the narrow bounds of my native valley, and roam afar with the bewildering throng of this unknown world.

"There, too, I had read of love; of simple country damsels won to be the brides of men of high degree, who wandered, in days of bridal travel, amongst the scenes in which they had all their lives been accustomed to dwell with their deliverers in the form of lovers. How, with long through their great love, all was but uncertain and humble furniture of their wandering lives, those simple and thoughtless damsels had yet found themselves unconsciously endowed by their luxury and pomp of noblemen's dwellings, their humble lovers caught up their thoughts to appear in country garb, and place upon their bewildered brows the coronet of a duchess, or the flagrish of even higher rank.

"I was a silly child, enlarged save in such portions love, dreamy, imaginative, and, I fear, vain. I had a loving heart, and had my mother been a more accessible one—counseling and controlling me, or had she deemed her daughter's inner life of so much importance as her own multifarious house-hold occupations, my things for knowledge, my strong and genial nature would have been united to the production of a worthy womanhood even without the teachings of my great sorrow. Once I dared explain that life should not have been, but now I question so more His purposes who ruleth all.

"I was eighteen years of age when Archer Clayton came to our valley. He came as a learned pedestrian traveler, with knapsack slung upon his back, and chained of my father's hospitality a night's lodging and food. Of course he was received with honest and hearty compliance, and I, returning at sunset from long rambles among the hills, already beginning to wear the many-hued livery of romance, found him sitting in the family apartment, talking my parents with 'a tidings of that outer world from whence he had so recently come.

"I sat down beside my mother, and listened, and looked upon the handsome man and him but compact figure before me, and, with a keen sense of expression, the latter to graceful and full of sound. of life. I looked, and I loved. Oh, Ada, it is a strange confession that I gave my enough heart so easily, but still I believe it was. I had a loving heart, through all changes, I believe my heart never vanished from it was wrong to Archer Clayton; in the season of my petulant vanity, in the darker day of my fearful punishment, in the months and years of bereavement, in the softening of them of slowly won consolation—in that, at least, there has been no change, and I love you, my dear mine, my Ada, is as eternal as its source.

"Archer Clayton remained in our valley some weeks. He had grown pale and wan, at close and long protracted study, and with a view to the preservative exercise of soul and body, he had sought the valley for the week or two natural life he needed. Everybody learned to love him, and when he spoke of going, none could endure the thought, but after a few days more, my father and persuaded him to remain through the winter, and with the children of the family were the chief elements of education.

"Archer Clayton was stranger that he remained—giving up that precious winter's study, for he did and I, among the rest, became his pupil—and its servile pupil, none, said, for he was with us so always, his school-room one of the apartments of our large house—and he paid more than a liberal equivalent. But none knew what lessons I learned in the long winter evenings, when we sat beside and side upon a book—when the hands that wandered over its pages often met—when my head rested upon upon his cheek, or his long, light locks floated to my bosom as he bent over me—when the glowing world of student love inwardly changed to soft love murmurs, and the long fair spoke, coming nearer and nearer in his pleasant mystery of words and emotions, sealed the sweet secret in lingering presence.

"Ada, I grew young again in telling you of this second spring-time of love!

"All this time I believed Archer to be something more than a linguist. I laughingly listened to the history of his toilsome struggle to gain an education. I never credited the simple truth—that the many gained by his student's pedagogueship in the valley was all he required to pay the expenses of his pursuit. And when, in the spring, he spoke of his departure, I was almost angry with him that he then read the veil of his knowledge, and appear in his real character. I longed for the time when I should be borne beyond the boundaries of the valley, and partake in the life of the great city which Archer had told me was to be his home, and I could not feel selfish because he did not propose an immediate marriage.

"Nevertheless he went, and returned from time to time, until two years had passed away. Then his studies were completed; and will all the world before him where to choose, he told me that he was about to go forth to seek the scene of his life's labors, and, as he hoped, success. When he had found his home, he should return and claim his bride.

"Angry and indignant at what, in my silly self-deception, I looked upon as an unworthy subterfuge, I uttered many reproaches, and, alas! using my power, and how deeply I wounded Archer, I went on, in my vanity and passion, to an extent that I have often wondered did not destroy forever the love of its true heart.

"He was silent with surprise and sorrow. He had expected the tender sympathy of one who had promised to share the toilsome duties of his path, as the joys and sorrows of his life; and utterly unable to comprehend my reproaches, he left me and sought my parents. To them he appealed, and by means of their entreaties and representations, I was brought to a more reasonable state of mind.

"Archer's time was short. Before the reconciliation had been fully perfected, and the waves of my suddenly aroused passion stilled, before the hour of humiliation to which I should come was at hand, arrived, in which I might have found myself worthy to be his, he was forced to depart.

"I was sullen, and with only a cold show of affection I said the farewell that I was never to see again until I stood beside the bed of death. Grieved and pained, but full of life and hope, and trust in the love he knew I bore him, spite of all, Archer departed.

"Weeks and months passed away. From time to time came letters from the absent one—none breathing hopeful words, some full of discouragement—all demanding the sympathy that I should have given so spontaneously. But I was still unwilling to believe in the life of toil and struggle that he must lay before us, though I saw sure that, half I deemed it certain, my love would not have shrunk from it, but I should have taken my place bravely by his side.

"At length the scene of his, of our future life was found. Archer invited only to secure the necessary accompaniments to procure a home, and go impelled by love, he started upon his return, to bring his bride from the home of her parents to his own.

"But he never reached us. A slight, neglected injury—no more than the turning of a pebble beneath his heel, together with the fatigue and exposure of an unusually extended and hollower journey, produced mortal illness. Within twenty days of his return, hours where he could counted him, he lay down to die, at a little way-side tavern.

"Ada, I was summoned, and, attended by my parents, arrived across an hour before his eyes were closed in death—in time only for his last words of love and forgiveness—in time only for the vain despair and agony of my grief and self-reproach, and that which could never be silenced.

"Oh! Ada, the agonies of that hour are beyond the power of words to express. Their bitter fruit of reproach, and accusation, and vain regret, was long grown to my lips. Only the thought that God liveth helped me to live through all the early days of that great sorrow. Only the knowledge that my parents and I were not utterly bereft reposing, taught me to go forth into the world which I had left in pride, and humble myself to work.

"And then I found my consolation. My parents both died in the second year of my home's widowhood. I closed and mourned for them deeply. But, out of sorrow for them, and for my dead, I then, evolved the plan of my life. I sold all they possessed, and, with the comfortable fund, I began, by placing at once into the great world beyond, the humble means at my command. I studied the best schools, until I was prepared for the work which I had chosen—that of a teacher. For many years, as you well know, I was at the head of a large school in which you were my pupil. And when I had fully prepared for it, I resigned my

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HUMAN PROGRESS.

It is not four centuries since Copernicus was ridiculed for asserting the daily revolution of our globe, and the comparative fixedness of the sun in the heavens. He who now would stand forth to assert the contrary would not be ridiculed, but would merit universal pity and contempt. The earth moves, even as the brave old German, and the later, and more persecuted Italian, Galileo, demonstrated; but not more sure and wonderful is the movement of our globe, and the universe of which it is but a fraction, than is the march and progress of the human mind. Practical and flooded with light as is our age, we are too near to, and familiar with, its many marvels, to appreciate them—to feel truly and fully the advance we enjoy in knowledge, skill and toleration (which embraces the nobler humanities), as compared with even our forefathers on this soil.

Had there arisen, in the days of Salem Witchcraft, prophets prophecying the half of what has been discovered and demonstrated among men, from the birth of the steam engine to the launch of the "Leviathan," those prophets would have been hooted and stoned, and, most likely, have had their heresies, and lunacies, and evil spirits of whatever kidney, purged by rope and faggot. That which is commonplace enough with our age, and which we are in nowise astonished to see excelled or done away any day, is much of it really more fabulous, measured by the judgment of two centuries ago, than any conjuration of Cagliostro—more strange, and fanciful, and revolutionizing, than the genii of the Arabian tales.

And perhaps the most notable, as well as the noblest proof of human progress, lies in this superior toleration which pervades the mind of our age, and which forbids, in the name of both God and man, that anything shall be cried down by bigotry or prejudice, but rather demands that all things shall stand or fall in keeping with the dignity of human reason. True, here and there, owing to the personal necessities and perturbations of tyrants, there is lack of freedom of speech on certain themes within the pale of Christendom, but the time has passed, irrevocably, in all Christendom, when king or ruler dare to torture or martyr a Copernicus or a Galileo. The human intellect can speak out fearlessly in behalf of science and art over the civilized world, whether it be to confirm or to overthrow old knowledge and ideas. This is the very grandest conquest which the human mind has achieved. In securing and establishing toleration for intellect, it has thrown open the whole kingdom of error to the assault of investigation, before which no wrong nor lie can long stand. With this attainment, all other desirable progress is possible.

SPRING AGAIN.

Winter has flown back to its frigid zone. Milder than winters are wont to be, it had yet enough of frost and snow to pinch many an ill-starred wanderer upon the earth. And now the spring comes forth, chill and blustering in her March hours, but doomed to brighten and soften under the mild influence of

"April in tears, and blushing May,
The crown and glory of the spring."

In the maple orchards busy hands have been gathering nature's sweets, while over the farm-fields the plowman, the seed-sower and the shepherd blithely ply their healthy, honest tasks. How the landscape changes and is glorified from day to day. How fresh and tender the springing grass and the young leaves—how fair each swelling bud and fragrant blossom. The birds are jubilant in the trees—martin, wren, oriole and robin—and the leaping brooklets are not more musical than the piping frogs that concertize along their rushy margins. Under the glowing sun all things revive; vegetable and insect life are renewed; the fishes return to their haunts, and the angler to his sports. Resurrection season of the year! how impressively it should teach us the power and goodness of God, and that, if all lesser life be thus recreated, surely the soul of man may hope for a spring-time and an eternal summer, beyond the wintry "valley and shadow of death."

LIFE OBJECTS.

An objectless life! What is it but a life of misery? No being *can* be happy while leading it. He who leads it involuntarily is to be commiserated. He who does it of choice is worthy to be despised! It is better far to wear out than to rust out. No amount of wealth can excuse a state of inertia, in a healthy human being, in a world of activities like this. Every one should do something. He should do it for the benefit of others, if not for himself.

But fortunate it is that idleness vindicates Nature's prescription of activity by the punishment it is sure to bring upon the idler, such as a dyspeptic stomach, flaccid muscles, and all the other consequences of blood that is stagnant, for lack of exercise, when it should be stimulating every organ, in its proper turn, to its legitimate functions in that system which has been truly pronounced fearfully and wonderfully made.

Let each one, then, have a life-object! Without this and the activities it calls forth, he cannot expect to be either healthful or happy.

WAR.

Save in the far East, pursued against races still involved in barbarism, war has retired from, and peace covers, the face of the earth. Within the wide pale of Christendom, carnage has folded its banners and closed its red wings, and the nations for once rest from conflict. Divine agencies move a mightier machinery of fraternal industry, and the armed brain triumphs over the steel-gloved hand. It is a glorious spectacle to behold—would that it were universal and never to be changed.

War is a terrible avocation at best, and pursued simply as a trade, or for ambitious ends, excites our horror. Nothing can be more monstrous than the picture of man lifting weapons of death against his brother, for the sake of plunder or revenge. Yet, the earth has been trampled by iron feet, and sodden like a headsman's block with the blood of ages. War, from the instinct of savage races to the highest policies of civilization, has been the avaunt courier of the world. It has stalked up and down the earth like a reeking giant, followed by fire and famine, and at a blow has widowed nations.

It was not that man loved death and courted ruin, that all this desolation sprang forth. He was coerced or deluded. Fear and pride, or the glittering bait of plunder, led him forth most frequently on the path of blood. He saw not in the bivouac, the flaming camp fires, nor on the field where fate held the balance of life-or-death, his own mangled body—his happy home, perchance, in some sweet far-away valley, golden with sunshine—nor the kindred who buckled on his armor. A sound of the trump—a charge—one fierce yell, as the bullet pierced the heart or the sabre the brain, and the soldier lay stark in his gore. Such has been the common lot of war. Schiller saw it truly when he said:—

"Straightforward goes
The lightning's path, and straight the fearful path
Of the cannon-ball. Direct it flies and rapid,
Shattering that it may reach, and shattering what it reaches."

OVERLAND TO THE PACIFIC.

The chairman of the Congressional Pacific Railroad Committee has at length reported in favor of a road, having its great termini at St. Louis and San Francisco. The plan, as reported, strikes us as being feasible, and, within the ten years named for its building, of easy accomplishment. The aid proposed to be extended by the Federal government, in lands and mail contracts, is moderate compared with the claims of the Whitney project in vogue some years ago. The road is to strike the South Pass in crossing the mountain range, which will bring the greater portion of the whole line within tolerable climate, and an almost unbroken rich stretch of country, abounding in timbered, mineral and farming lands. Two branches running South, and two running north, are proposed to tap the main line at given points, thus balancing the sectional advantages. The proposed cost of the road is stated at thirty millions (30,000,000), allowing ten thousand dollars per mile for the easiest portion of the road, and fifteen thousand for the more difficult portions.

We hope that this or some plan will be acted upon by the present session, and that a road will be decreed. Our control of the commerce of the world, and our rank as the foremost nation, cannot be denied from the hour when we possess a worthy overland road to the Pacific. No hundred million of dollars laid out otherwise could so develop and enrich the heart of our own empire, as would this railroad; and if, instead of costing thirty, it cost twice thirty millions, it would still be the best investment Jonathan ever made. All our delays in this matter, since the American people are resolved on the road, are folly, inasmuch as they encourage other schemes of transit.

A REMARKABLE WITNESS.

Those who have only casually observed and reflected on the mighty revolutions accomplished by steam, in nearly all departments of human industry and enterprise, and especially in the navigation of the world's waters, and the operations of travel and commerce, can scarcely have an adequate conception of the gigantic triumph of this subtle element in less than half a century. But there was a man among a festival party gathered in England some months ago, in honor of the launch of a new Cunard steamer, who could feel all the greatness of this triumph. That man was the Dean of Ripon, England, who, being toasted, stated that just about half a century ago, he accompanied Robert Fulton on his first steamer trial trip on the Hudson river, that being the first successful trial ever made. He thanked God that he had been spared to witness the triumph of steam, and said that, coupled with the long succession of art triumphs which he had carefully observed, on the sea and on the land, he was glad to say the triumphs of peace, intelligence and a broader brotherhood had gone hand in hand. He trusted and prayed that this would continue to be the history of steam, the most potent of all the agencies of enterprise and civilization. The launch of the "Leviathan" will not be likely to lessen the enthusiastic Dean's admiration of the conquests of steam.

THOSE "SWEET TURKS."

It is reported amongst fashionable circles of this city, that a distinguished Turk in the suite of the rear admiral of the Sublime Porte, who has been creating such a furore here for some weeks past, had made a deep impression on the susceptible hearts of certain silly "upper-ten" ladies, all of whom were ready to be led to the altar by the oriental blackamoor, whenever he should see fit to take such a rash step. These ladies at last came to such a pass that they could talk of nothing but "those sweet Turks," and "that sweet Turkish costume," and turned their attention chiefly to the study of the Ottoman Empire, and the manners and customs of the people. But all at once their enthusiasm was dampened, nay, quenched. The "sweet Turk" exhibited to them a number of India-rubber sacks, which he said he considered the greatest invention of the age, and worthy of the genius of a great and free people like ours. On being asked why he valued them so highly, he replied that they were just the things in which to enclose his wives when he got tired of them, preparatory to throwing them into the Bosphorus, and that he should take home a large assortment for that purpose. It is, perhaps, needless to say that the ladies *now* always speak of the sack-enthusiast as "that *horrid* Turk."

A REAL MISCREANT.

There is a fellow living in Boston, the Athens of America, who will not go to bed before his wife does, because he says "he ain't a-going to warm it for her." His wife lately expostulated with him, but he told her she didn't appreciate him, and in order to palliate his baseness, said that he knew of a man who always made his wife go to bed first and warm it nicely, and about fifteen minutes afterwards, he would turn her out of the warm place and then get in himself! Do we live in a Christian land? Stands Boston where it did?

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

OLD-FASHIONED THOUGHTS.

It is a melancholy fact that not one girl in ten now-a-days knows how to sew. "'Twas not so in my time," as the old ladies say, with an ominous shake of the head. No; in my school-days proper attention was given to rivers, bays, capes, islands, and cities in the forenoon—interspersed with, "I love, thou lovest, he, she, or it loves;" then, at the child's hungry hour—(twelve)—we were dismissed to roast-beef and apple-dumplings. At three we marched back with a comfortable dinner under our aprons—with cool heads, rosy cheeks, and a thimble in our pockets; and never a book did we see all the blessed afternoon. I see her—the school-ma'am, (angels see her now,) with her benevolent face, and ample bosom—your flat-chested woman never should keep school, she has no room for the milk of human kindness; I see her sitting on that old cane-bottomed chair, going through the useless ceremony of counting noses, to see if there were any truants; and of course there never were from choice, for our teacher never forgot that she was once a child herself. I see her calling one after another to take from her hand a collar, or wristbands, or shirt-bosom to stitch, or some button-holes to make;—good old soul! and then, when we were all seated, how she drew from her pocket some interesting book and read it aloud to us—not disdaining to laugh at the funny places, and allowing us to do the same—hearing, well-pleased, all our childish remarks, and answering patiently all our questions concerning the story, or travels, or poetry she was reading, while our willing fingers grew still more nimble; and every child uttered an involuntary "Oh!" when the sun slanted into the west window, telling us that afternoon school was over.

Ah, those were the days!

I bless that school-mistress every time I darn a stocking, or make or mend a garment; and I am glad for her own sake that she is not alive now, to see the ologies and isms that are thumped into children's heads to the exclusion of things better suited to their age, and which all the French and Italian that ever was mispronounced by fashion can never take the place of in practical life. Yes—girls *then* knew how to sew. Where will you find a school-girl who does it deftly now? who does not hate a needle, and most clumsily wield it when compelled to? and not by her own fault, poor thing! though her future husband may not be as ready as I to shield her with this excuse. Modern mothers never seem to think of this. Male teachers, with buttonless shirts on their own backs, seem to ignore it. No place for the needle *in* school, and no time on account of long lessons out. Where is a modern girl to learn this all-important branch of education, I want to know? A fig for your worsted work, your distorted cats, and rabbits, and cows! Give me the girl who can put a shirt together, or the feminine of a shirt either—which, by the way, I could never see the impropriety of mentioning, any more than its male, though I am not going to make any old maid scream by saying "chemise"—of course not!

I am concerned for the rising generation; spinally in the first place, stitch-ically in the second. All the stitches they know of now are in their sides, poor things! I should like every school-house to have a play-ground, where the pupils could stay when they were not in school—which should be almost never, until ventilation, recesses, and school-hours are better regulated—in fact, till the whole system is everlastingly somersetted, tipped over, and buried fathoms under ground, and only spoken of as the tortures of the Inquisition are spoken of—with shuddering horror—as remnants of darkness and barbarism. I don't want children to be burned up, but I don't care how many school-houses burn down. I consider every instance a special interposition of Providence; and even if some of the children *are* burned—horrible as that is—is it not a quicker mode of death than that they are daily put through, poor, tortured things?

Every breath of the beautiful spring makes me sigh for the pale prisoners, whom I see, with their hungry stomachs clinging to their aching backbones, coming staggering home, at three o'clock, under a load of unintelligible school-books. I turn from them, delightedly, to the bare-headed, bare-footed urchins, making bridges with chips over muddy gutters, while the fresh air blows their hair over their healthy brown cheeks. Mud and water are better than hot stoves and cold "moral science;" and a cracker eaten on a curb-stone better than the daintiest dinner when the appetite is gone, and the stomach too exhausted to perform the office of digestion. All that you pour into a vessel after it is full of course runs to waste. All the lessons forcibly crammed into children's heads after three consecutive hours of instruction, in my opinion, does the same; and I make no exception as to the age of the pupil. Fanny Fern.

MASKED BALLS.

The "masked ball" has long been under the ban of decent society. Paris is the only place on the globe where it is attended with any *eclat*, and even there respectable people are careful how they are caught taking a prominent part in it. The masked ball gives scope for the concentration, play and expansion of all the worst elements and passions which prurient human nature is so prone to develop under the influences of voluptuous dissipation. And yet it is proposed that this baneful institution shall be transplanted from Paris to New York—that the chiefest saturnalia of Parisian lorettes shall be naturalized here for the delectation and demoralization of the young men and women of this metropolis. It is fortunate that, just at the time when this impudent attempt to introduce such a pernicious scheme of dissipation is to be made, there should be such a universal awakening of the consciences of men, accompanied with such deep and wide-spread religious convictions and conversions. While good men and women worship daily in the churches, an occasional "masked ball" at the Academy of Music, thronged by gamesters, swindlers, ruffians, and their wretched female companions, can do but little harm compared to the evil such gatherings might work in a less actively religious season.

THE EDUCATION OF THE HEART.

It is a common complaint, which is far from groundless, that the education of the heart is wofully neglected in our schools as well as in our colleges. We say "as well as in our colleges," because this is notoriously neglected in most of the higher institutions of learning.

It was the observation of a great reformatory divine, that he who acquires his learning at the expense of his morals is the *worse* for his education. Viewed in this light, how *can* the educators of youth so frequently neglect the education of the heart?

Remember this.—He that scoffs at the crooked had need go very upright himself. Misfortune is not a fault.

DREAM-LAND.

BY MARY FORREST.

When one is at peace with the world, and one's self, and one's supper, how gently the white angel leads one by the hand into Elysium! A very strange and fantastic place it is, with queer, intangible groupings, and odd transitions; but a soft enchantment beguiles you into perfect faith. Dear, demented, dim, delicious Dream-land! The earth was never so green, the flowers so fair, the skies so grandly calm and protective. Everything is shimmering, changing, glorified. The four corners of the globe, the ideal world, and Heaven itself have yielded up their treasures. The beloved who were, and are, and shall be ever more, are with you. Here, in a quiet valley, is the old child-home; the grave paternal, with the old volume of metaphysics; the dear mother, sitting meek and placid in the old, trustful abeyance; the noble elm, that was shattered years ago by a thunderbolt, standing green and royal by the gate. You sit down in the Palace Beautiful with nymphs and graces, and the gods themselves, to a feast of reason and ambrosia. You find in some "Lost Bower," musical with falling waters, the chimes of invisible bells, and the tread of fairy feet, the child Lily, who

Said, "Father! mother!"—then left off
For tongues celestial, fitter—
Whose hair had grown just long enough
To catch Heaven's jasper glitter;

and while you gather her to your heart with a great, comfortable gladness, and go forth beneath the palm-trees, there cometh another, whose blue eyes sometime shut you out from their heaven; white arms enfold you both—the riven trinity is restored. Verily, you have walked hand in hand with the Spirit of Peace.

To-night your soul is in shadow; the world has been rude and rough to you; your own will has played you false; you had cannon-balls for supper; and a black devil whirls you into Pandemonium. Drifting, dreadful, dark, demonian Dream-land! The skies are gorgeous with purple and crimson, but the air stifles and oppresses you. You stand on a bare rock, where the wild waves are dashing, and afar off drifts your fairy isle of last night, from which white hands are tossing and waving in mockery. An angel, with your mother's smile and calm eyes, floats just above you: you reach after the vision, and an ugly witch sails away on a broom-stick. Your Beautiful One rises from the sea like a fresh Undine, and lays her hand in yours, but when you stoop to look into her fathomless eyes—lo! the play of a serpent's tail in the waters beyond. You are falling—falling, fainting and horror-struck—through miles of dreadful space; you are flying midway between ocean and sky, and not a spar to rest upon; you sit at a sumptuous banquet, starving; you are running for your life, with a mad dog in hot pursuit; you are a crazy old tower, that vibrates in every breeze, and at last topples over with a crash; you are wading through marshes and fens, with an unknown child in your arms, and fauns and satyrs dance around you, and will-o'-the-wisps beckon you on; the house is on fire—the flames crackling in your ears—the smoke suffocating you—and no power to awake and flee; you are sailing on a still lake, that suddenly changes to the roar and plunge of Niagara, and you shoot over the Fall. You have walked hand in hand with the Spirit of Unrest.

Sup lightly; go to your pillow with no uncomfortable secrets; kiss your hand to those who hate you, while your lips are pressing the fair brows of the loved and loving; pray God to forgive the day's wrong done and good undone; and the angel of the enchanted Isle shall stand always at the gate of your Dream-land.

"He giveth His beloved sleep."

"HE THAT WALKETH UPRIGHTLY WALKETH SURELY."

This is one of Solomon's proverbs; and we would that it were deeply impressed on the mind of every reader of the Ledger,—more particularly of the *young* reader. It should be engraven in letters of gold, and treasured up as a motto adapted for every emergency. To walk *uprightly* is the best way to walk *surely!* Is not this the experience of every full-grown reader,—of every man who has observed the "ups and downs" of life? Most undoubtedly it is. Then why do so many pursue a crooked, dishonest course, trusting to their ability to cheat and deceive, instead of relying upon their integrity and pursuing an upright course? Is not such a policy silly and foolish on their part? Do they not dig for themselves the pit into which they fall? But aside from this, the consolation that the honest man has in the knowledge that he is "walking uprightly" is of more value to him than all the riches that have ever been accumulated by trickery and under-handed measures.

"DID I NOT DRUM WELL?"

Envious and malignant minds which have never risen above their native levels, frequently delight in reminding those persons who have gained elevation of character of what they had been, rather than awarding praise for meritorious conduct, through which alone eminence can be attained. The best way to silence such, is to convince them that their ebullitions of spleen can have no weight upon the feelings of those on whom they are designed to act. A mechanic, who had performed indifferently a piece of work for a distinguished merchant, in a dispute with the latter about the affair, thought to carry his point by reminding him that he had known him when he was "only a drummer." Instead of being mortified or disconcerted by the taunt, the wealthy merchant calmly replied, by the significant question, "And did I not drum well?"

RUFFIANS PASSING AWAY.

It has been said that nature and society, considered in the aggregate, always adjust matters by an inflexible system of balances and compensations, so that, at last, time sets all things even. This seems to be the case with regard to our rowdies. The same disposition which leads them to quarrel with others, breeds contests among themselves, and one after another they are summarily disposed of by the knife or pistol, to the great gain of decent people. In this city we have had occasion not to mourn over the death of many of these ruffians within a few years, and the prospect is that the animosities bequeathed by the departed to their partisans, will, before long, relieve us of those of the "same sort left."

Plumpness and Envy.—One of the worst things to fatten on is envy. In our opinion, it is as difficult for a grudging man to raise a double chin, as it is for a bankrupt to raise a loan. Plumpness comes not from roast beef, but from a good heart and cheerful disposition.

Pretty.—Longfellow, in his beautiful story of "Kavanagh," calls Sunday "the golden clasp which binds together the volume of the week." A pretty idea.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

The moral and physical vigor imparted to us, by Anger as a salutary means of defence, is immediately lessened when, by its intemperate and reckless exercise, we would pervert it into a dangerous instrument of aggression. Blind and ungovernable rage, approaching to the nature of madness, not only obscures the reason but often paralyzes for a moment the bodily energies—a paroxysm which fortunately serves as a protection both to ourselves and others. Protective nature makes us sometimes blind and weak, for the same reason that the fleet gray-hound has no sense of smell, and the quick-scented blood-hound no swiftness of foot.

Antiquity is the stalking-horse on which knaves and bigots invariably mount when they want to ride over the timid and the credulous. Never do we hear so much solemn talk about the time-hallowed institutions and approved wisdom of our ancestors as when attempts are made to remove some staring monument of their folly. Every elderly man is an ancestor to his former self. Let him compare his boyish notions and feelings with his matured judgment, and then consider that what the child is to the man the past generation are to the present.

The real Atheist is the mammonite, who, making "godliness a great gain," worships a golden calf and calls it God; or the miserable fanatic, who, endowing the phantom of his own fear and folly with the worst passions of the worst men, dethrones the Deity to set up a demon, and curses all those who will not curse themselves by joining in his horrid idolatry.

"I say, Phil, who is the pretty girl I saw you walking with on last Sunday evening?" "Miss Hogges!" "Hogges! well, she's to be pitied for having such a name." "So I think, Joe," rejoined Phil; "I pitied her so much that I offered her mine, and she's going to take it soon."

What is called the keeping up of appearances is oftentimes a moral or rather immoral uttering of counterfeit coin. It is astonishing how much human bad money is current in society, bearing the fair impress of ladies and gentlemen.

A theatrical audience is a crowd of people, called an *audience* perhaps for the reason that they cannot hear. The actors speak with their hands and feet, and the spectators listen with their eyes.

We know of a beautiful girl, who would prove a capital speculation for a fortune-hunter of the right sort. Her voice is of silver, her hair of gold, her teeth of pearl, her cheeks of rubies, and her eyes of diamonds.

A bereaved husband publishes in a Western paper that his dearly beloved wife bore him twelve children and never gave him an unkind word in her life. The motto of that woman probably was to "*bear* and *forbear*."

One of our finest writers says that "the nightly dews come down upon us like blessings." How very differently the *daily dues* come down upon us in these hard times.

"I would do anything to gratify you, I would go to the end of the world to please you," said a fervent lover to the object of his affections. "Well, sir, go there and stay, and I shall be pleased."

"Boniface!" exclaimed a hungry traveler to his landlord, after several vain attempts to masticate a piece of a rooster, "do you suppose that I can eat *the Old Scratcher himself?*"

An aeronaut stated, in reference to a balloon accident, that, owing to the extreme gustiness of the weather, he refused to allow any stranger to encounter the risk of the ascent. The party who accompanied him was *only his wife*.

A young lady lately appeared in male attire at Baltimore; and one of the editors says that her disguise was so perfect she might have passed for a man, "*had she had a little more modesty.*"

An old coquette, looking into a glass, and seeing her wrinkles, cried: "This new glass is not worth a farthing. They cannot make mirrors so well as they used to do."

A New Haven editor speaks of a recent storm which "roared so loud that you couldn't hear a dog bark." We suppose that the bark of the dogs, like an occasional bark off the coast of Connecticut, was lost in the *Sound*.

An acquaintance of ours last week succeeded in picking a lock that had defied the skill of all the experts of the country. He picked it for himself from among a dozen other kinds without a moment's hesitation.

"Boy! did you let off that gun?" exclaimed an enraged schoolmaster. "Yes, master." "Well, what do you think I will do to you?" "Why, let *me* off."

When a young man complains bitterly that a young lady has no heart, it is a pretty certain sign that she at least has *his*.

A French princess being told that the poor in Paris were dying of starvation, said, "What silly people! Before I'd starve, I'd eat brown bread and mutton."

Misers, who never use what they have, may justly be compared to toads that have numberless "stools" and never sit on them.

Those who will not take lawful pleasures will be very likely to take unlawful ones, and, by lacing themselves too tight, grow awry on one side.

CURRENT ITEMS.

John Hendrix, an old hunter, of the Southwest, was not long since attacked, on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande, about five miles below Matamoras, by a huge snake, which sprung upon and coiled around him so suddenly, that he had no time to elude the monster. Knowing by the terrible pressure of the reptile's coil, that if he would escape he must be expeditious, Hendrix, with his hunting knife, commenced cutting the snake's body in two where it passed over his breast. This, with a few strokes of his knife, he succeeded in doing, and down dropped the two halves, squirming on each side of him. He then shot the head off of the upper part of the serpent's body, and all signs of life soon ceased. On measuring the carcass, it was found to be nearly nineteen feet long, and about four inches in diameter in the largest part.

Susan Dorsheimer, a little German girl, about five years old, whose parents reside in the Sixth Avenue, on going to the door when the bell was rung, a few mornings since, found an old beggar woman there, and, in obedience to her mother's instructions, told her to go away, whereupon the woman struck her on the head with a stick so violently that the child's life was despaired of for many hours.

An avalanche occurred in Plumas county, California, a few weeks since; an immense mass of snow and ice came thundering down the mountain, plowing up the earth, and overwhelming everything that lay in its path. Two cabins of miners were swept away, and a man and a boy killed. Several others, including a woman and a child, were buried beneath the mass, but, strange to say, were dug out uninjured.

Michael Brennan, an accomplished gentleman and graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, recently poisoned his wife—a most beautiful lady—and three children with prussic acid, at Grass Valley, California, and then committed suicide by taking a dose of the same poison. The reason assigned for this was the failure of mining operations, and the overwhelming indebtedness of Mr. Brennan.

A notorious villain of Monterey, named Jose Anastasia, who confessed to two murders on the gallows, was recently hung in that city, notwithstanding a petition for his pardon, signed by all the leading Mexican residents of the place, who prayed that Jose might not be hung, as, *he being the only fiddler in Monterey, it was impossible for them to carry on their fandangoes without him!*

It is reported that the province of Sonora, which the church party of Mexico are so anxious to sell to the United States, is richer in golden treasures even than California; and old and experienced miners are getting ready to enter its "diggings," as soon as the star-spangled banner shall wave over its soil.

The last news from Utah is that Brigham Young and his deluded myrmidons are determined to fight any force that the government of the United States may send against them.

Mr. Henry T. Hicock, of the town of Pittsfield, Mass., a short time since took from his well, which he cleaned on account of the bad taste of the water, four hundred and eighty-two dead frogs.

Some of our fashionable ladies have taken to wearing treble-soled boots. Although this is an extreme of fashion, it is to be preferred to that of wearing paper-soled shoes.

In Greene county, Alabama, a white man was recently fined one thousand dollars, and sent to prison six months, for gambling with a negro.

A Scottish paper says that a short time since, a man on his way to be married, in the Highlands, was frozen to death within a mile of the residence of the bride.

The Petersburgh Express records the marriage, in Dinwiddie county, Va., of a young man, twenty-two years of age, to a wealthy maiden lady, eighty-six years old.

QUARREL OF THE THUNDER AND THE SEA.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

The kingly Thunder strode
At midnight to the Sea,
Which rising up in wrath, exclaim'd:
"What is thy will with me?"

"Vain up the clouds forsee
That in thy caverns hide,
Whose frown is storm, whose flame of wrath—
Thy glory and her pride."

"She enslaved at my beam!
Those jewels," said the Sea,
"If she hath set aside her cave to keep,
Say,—what is that to me?"

Then beat the Thunder spoke,
Beckoning the Tempest nigh,—
"Thou wert a rebel from thy birth,
We'll search thee, sir, and see."

And straight the mocking fire,—
"Oh ho—fix your worst with speed,
There's none save the Strong Angel's Eye
My secret cell shall find."

—But when at his command
These depths restore their dead,
Where will then be,—sing Mercy Voice,
Where will then be the Sea?

Hartford, Conn., March 6, 1853.

RICHARD HOFFMAN;

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE LAWYER ON THE PRISONER'S TRIAL.

The conversation with Tom Styles and the dark Bible which that worthy person gave, produced a painful effect upon the tenderly susceptible mind of Mr. Bently. The world had lost its brightness; for confidence in his fellow-creatures was shaken. Perhaps one of the most difficult lessons in life is, to get over the baneful feelings which repeated acts of deceit and treachery from those we most confide in, engender. His daughter had deceived and disappointed him; now the nephew—and the last blow was, if possible, far more painful than the first.

"We build our faith on sand," murmured the old man, as he sat one morning at breakfast, after his return to London, in the luxuriously furnished library of his private residence. "I wish I had old Peter Mayhew's confidence in my fellow-creatures. But it is destroyed, never to return. And this boy, whom I have permitted to grow up so near to me—my heart, to supply his mother's vacant place there, disclosures he will one day turn and sting me by some act of yet more monstrous ingratitude.

"No, no, I wrong him," he added, after a pause; "hitherto, I have found him truthful and sincere. I trust me Morton; in his shrewd mean and knowledge of the world I may find counsel for my mind's disease.—Is a moral physician I require, and not one for the body's maladies and infirmities."

With this resolution the speaker started from his bound, and drew to the house of the friendly lawyer, whom he fortunately found in his office. The shrewd man of the world was in earnest conversation with his new literary man, when he entered, and saw by the countenance of his client, that something painful had occurred; the first was that he felt surprised at his visit, for he believed him to be still in Jersey.

"You had better leave me, Harry," said his father; "I have business to attend to; and that is a thing, you know, I never speak to you."

The boy rose with a disappointed air to quit the room, but the visitor, remembering how warmly Richard had spoken of his schoolfellow, his unvarying kindness and friendship, held out his hand to him. The old man felt a pleasure in speaking with any one who had betrayed an interest in his grandson.

Harry withdrew, for he was about to pay a visit with his mother and sister, and Mr. Morton and his client were left alone.

"What has occurred, my dear sir?" demanded the former.

"I am almost heartbroken," replied his visitor; "my faith in my fellow-creatures is beginning to abandon me."

"Why judge all from one?"

"Because all men leagued against my happiness—removed the old one, mournfully; "first my child, then my nephew; and later, no doubt, my grandson."

"This is folly," exclaimed the man of law; "pardon the word, it is not the lawyer but the friend who speaks. You heard what my son said at your last visit. Since his return home, scarcely a day has passed that he has not mentioned, in the same terms; and he is not a lad to form a friendship light-grounds; you heard your self the enthusiastic terms in which he spoke of Richard."

"He may be deceived."

"Youth is seldom so upon such points. But you have been to Jersey; in fact, I thought you were still there."

"I have been."

"What brought you back so soon?"

"The life of my grandson has been attempted," exclaimed Mr. Bently, in great moral agony.

"He is?"

"Yes."

"By whom?"

"One who has eaten my bread for years," replied the merchant, "to whose orphan state I proved a father, my nephew, Gaius Brown. How do you wonder that I am wretched?"

"Horrible!" ejaculated Mr. Morton.

"That is not the worst," added his visitor.

As coldhearted as his agitation was brilliant, Mr. Bently proceeded to describe not only the manner of the attempt, but the connection he had had with Tom Styles, and the doubt, the horrible doubt, it had engendered in his mind respecting the truth of his wife.

Amid me, counsel me," he said, as he concluded the sad tale; "for I feel like a child, powerless and incapable of deciding for myself."

"The first step," replied the lawyer, after a pause, "is to secure, no matter how, at the risk of expense or not, the safety of your grandson. I feel so interested on that point, that were you incapable of neglecting the duty I would see to it myself."

"Thank you," murmured his client, grasping his hand, "thank you. You are the friend I require. Yes, yes, the poor boy's safety before every other consideration."

"However praiseworthy the motives of your conduct," continued Mr. Morton, "I have ever considered your right to separate Richard from his mother as a questionable one. But let that rest; we have no time to discuss it now; his safety is our first consideration."

"The very first," repeated the merchant, emphatically.

"How do you intend to act?"

"You must advise, assist me."

"It can only be done by one of two ways," observed the lawyer, after a few moments' reflection. "Name them."

"The first is by employing the evidence of this man Styles to bring your nephew to justice."

"And so prejudice in the world that I have adopted my grandson—that he is living under the care of the clergyman with whom I have placed him, enabling his father to claim him; for my right in the boy vanishes before his: *any* sacrifice rather than that."

"You cannot mean to deprive your daughter for ever of her son."

THE VISIT TO MORGAN.

"No," said the merchant, "only till her husband is reformed. We all know how weak the heart and resolutions of the drunkard are. His boy restored to him, George Hoffman would soon forget his promises of amendment."

"Perhaps not."

"And so prejudiced is he to the world that I have adopted my grandson—that he is living under the care of the clergyman with whom I have placed him, enabling his father to claim him; for my right in the boy vanishes before his: *any* sacrifice rather than that."

"You cannot mean to deprive your daughter for ever of her son."

"Is it not a terrible moment," observed his host, "when we are compelled to act against the dictates of our own heart?"

"It was, indeed."

"I will see the person I allude to. He is a retired officer of the army, a man of energy and purse who quitted the service in disgust at the favoritism of the system, which leaves merit to pine in obscurity, and prostitutes patronage to family and political influence. He possesses a kindly nature, and I am convinced will feel a pleasure in watching over the safety of *your grandson and heir.*"

"My grandson only," said the merchant.

The lawyer smiled.

"Spare no expense," added the speaker. "I cannot rest till I know Richard is placed under his guardian care. That done, I leave your discretion and friendship to take the necessary steps to ascertain whether the dark suspicion of fraud play in my wife's death is well founded or not."

"It is a delicate point," said the lawyer, musingly, "and difficult to ascertain; but not impossible. Should your fears be realized?"

Mr. Bently groaned in agony at the supposition.

"How would you act?"

"Bring the murderer to justice," exclaimed the old man, passionately, though my heart broke with the shame of the disgrace."

"You are right. No consideration ought to screen a murderer," observed his adviser. "But we must proceed cautiously, and to obtain our purpose, whom I advise you to treat as usual, our excellent simplicity of character, and not betray the least suspicion of your intentions."

"Be it so."

That same day Mr. Morton had a long interview with Lieutenant Marsh, the officer he had alluded to. They had known each other from boyhood, and a strong feeling of friendship and confidence existed between them. He at once undertook the duty assigned to him.

"When can you leave?" demanded his friend. "I am ready now."

It was accordingly arranged that he should do so; and, armed with letters to the Reverend Cosmo Brown, explaining the object of his taking up a residence in the island, Lieutenant Marsh quitted London for St. Heliers. It is needless to say that his appointment was most lucrative; such a position for his grandson was not a man whom Mr. Bently felt disposed to bargain with.

"I will make your him," said the gallant fellow, "as I would over my own boy. Dangerals only mean him through my breast."

The merchant and lawyer both wrung his hand as they separated.

Meanwhile, the uncle of Caras Keara had not forgotten the directions of Mr. Morton respecting his servants. He had gleaned from the worthy keeper all the particulars of the symptoms which preceded the wife's death, which the good woman attributed to a bilious fever.

Having sealed the memoranda, her master despatched it by a sure messenger to his lawyer.

Mr. Morton was seated at breakfast a few days after the departure of his agent, charged with the surveillance of our hero, Harry; to all appearance never had the worthy man been in better health. He had promised to accompany his wife and children to the Gardens in the Regent's park; as it was not often that he stole a day from his professional pursuits, he had looked forward to as a pleasurable event.

The morning papers were lying upon the table. He was deeply engaged in the columns of the leading journal, when a sudden exclamation escaped him. It was one of surprise.

"Singular!" he muttered.

"What is singular?" demanded his wife.

"An account of a murder, my love—or, at least, a supposed one. A case of poisoning, in which the symptoms are so unusual, that—by-the-by," he added, "I fear that I shall not be able to accompany you to-day."

The lady and the children looked, as they felt, disappointed.

"But to make amends, I promise you all a day at Richmond."

"With your society?"

"Yes."

The exchange was accepted; and the gentleman, finishing his breakfast, descended to his private office, from whence he despatched a note to Dr. Billington, one of the most eminent practitioners of the day, requesting to see him as soon as possible. It was the same gentleman who had attended Mrs. Bently in her last illness. In a few hours the doctor was with him.

"Hipped, my dear sir, nothing more," said the son of Æsculapius, after listening to the symptoms which the lawyer, with all the skill of a special pleader, set forth as the cause of his sending for him. "You are so healthy, both in body and mind, as I am; a day or two's change of air will set all right."

"I desire to hear it," replied the lawyer, "for I place great confidence in your opinion; and yet the discovery of the profession are sometimes mistaken."

Dr. Billington smiled.

"Here, now," continued the speaker, taking up the paper, "is a supposed case of poisoning. Allow me to read it to you."

"Certainly."

"The deceased was taken suddenly ill after retiring to rest. The medical man called in treated her disorder as a bilious fever, the symptoms being the same."

"What were those symptoms?" demanded the visitor.

"Sickness, great depression of the spirits, pains in the abdominal region, accompanied by intermittent pains of the head."

"The last are unusual," observed the physician. "And an inquest was held—most likely—by the friends of the eye."

"It is still more remarkable."

"And yet one of our first medical men pronounced and treated her case as one of bilious fever. A second one being called in, a man who had practiced in India—declared that she had been poisoned."

"Absurd!"

"And yet, doctor, the *post mortem* examination proved that he was right, for in the intestines and the stomach were found a strong decoction of the *Lignum Lanceolatum*—a plant found only on the highest ridges of the Himalayas—our discovered, and proved to be the substance which caused the death. The first physician had heard of, but never seen the effects of it."

"Few have seen it, replied Dr. Billington; "for the deleterious and criminal purposes to this country, and could only be met with in the cabinet of some collectors in England."

"Do you think its presence could be detected?" inquired the lawyer.

"Certainly."

"After death?"

"Yes."

"How long?"

"Years, perhaps," replied his visitor. "But there is something peculiar, my dear sir, in all this; can you lawyer the case unless accepted, or now perceive that your sending for me to consult upon your health was a mere pretext: the real object was the subject of our present conversation. Am I not right?"

"You are."

"I could have sworn it," said Dr. Billington, shaking his head, and quite fairly by me, Morton! We have known each other quite long enough to feel, and speak without disguise. Explain yourself."

"You attended Mrs. Bently in her last illness?"

"I did."

"It was sudden?"

"It was."

"Now, then, answer me: were the symptoms which preceded her death similar to those which I have just described?"

"Almost the *minutiæ* of such an extraordinary question," replied the physician, "but it is too serious a one to be trifled with. Stay awhile."

"And you had no suspicion of foul play?"

"None, or I should have done my duty."

"Is there a regular?" exclaimed the lawyer, extending his hand to him. Then solemnly added, "I fear that I shall."

"You my," continued the speaker, after a pause, "that the drug you named is not generally known in Europe, and only to be met with in collections of the curious."

"I did."

"Are you quite sure that it is not to be purchased in London?"

"Quite," answered the physician—"that is, in the ordinary way of trade. The Apothecaries' Company have it, but I am certain do not sell it. Stay," he added, suddenly recollecting himself, "there is an old man whom you may have noticed in the city, with his living beard and oriental costume—a Hindoo dealer, named Moorad—it is just possible that he may keep it."

"I must see the man," exclaimed Mr. Morton.

"Nothing more easy," replied his friend; "he resides in Clerkenwell. I am personally known to him, and will accompany you; my carriage is at the door."

In less than an hour the speakers reached the abode of Moorad, whose orientalism tends was that of a dealer in Turkish rhubarb and simples, although it was whispered that he sometimes dealt in merchandise of a more questionable kind. The suspicion—for it amounted to nothing more—caused him to be looked upon with dislike, not unmingled with dread, by his neighbors—not that their opinion ought to be taken as a proof that he merited the evil reputation they gave him, for the ignorant are generally superstitious and the timid unjust. They could not understand the reserve of the old man—the solitude in which he lived; for during the thirty years he had resided amongst them no one had ever been admitted beyond the precincts of his little shop, which, summer and winter, he invariably closed at sunset.

Let the cause be what it would, nothing one of those long Egyptian pipes so prized throughout the East, and the grave gentleman made their appearance. The only evidence he gave of being conscious of the appearance was by a slight elevation of the eyebrows.

"Peace!" exclaimed the physician, as he inhaled the almost stifling atmosphere of the place, "peace!"

"The Hakim is welcome," said the old man, laying down his pipe. "In what can we please him?"

"I require a drug," replied the physician, "and the favor can only be sought in the way of ordinary way. It is extremely rare in this country."

"I possess many rare drugs," replied the dealer.

"Not curious?"

"Moorad has many drugs that are curious."

"I require a small quantity of the Lanceolaria," said the physician.

The instant he pronounced the name of the drug, the new observer might have observed a slight lowering of the eyelids, as if to concentrate the gaze, which was seen with an Asiatic that it upon the guard.

"The Hakim knows its properties?" observed the dealer.

"Certainly, a subtle poison; used also medicinally in the East, but rejected in Europe on account of the minute care necessary in using it. Have you any?"

"I have had it in my time," answered the man of the shop, evasively; "but it is a thing so seldom asked for that it does not pay for keeping."

"You have sold it then," exclaimed Mr. Morton, incautiously.

"*I did not say that,*" replied Moorad, sharply.

"Dost Dreddy with us," said the lawyer, "we are prepared to pay."

"The word my," the eyes of the old man glistened; he regarded Dr. Billington significantly, then turned down the speaker, and finally glanced to the door.

"Shut and bar us," whispered the physician.

"Why so?"

"He will not speak in the presence of a witness."

"Mr. Morton took the hint, and quitted the shop. In about half an hour he was joined by the companion.

His friend looked disappointed.

"I have obtained a small quantity of the drug with which I intend to make certain experiments. The old rogue was too much upon his guard to intrust me of the rest by which its presence could be recognized. But I shall discover them with patience and time. I feel certain he knows them," he added.

He did confine to whom he had ever sold any of the infernal poison?" asked Mr. Morton.

"No; upon that point he was dumb. And yet I offered him a liberal price—a hundred pounds."

"In gold?"

"No, in notes."

"Try him in gold," said his friend; "I have found that Orientals are far more impressionable than Europeans. The sight of his idol may tempt him. Double the sum if necessary. The man who has once bartered his conscience must have his price."

"Reasoned like an Old Bailey lawyer," exclaimed the physician, laughingly. "On my next visit to him I will try it."

CHAPTER XXXV.

REMINISCENCES.

It was a cold night when Andrew Sifers and his brother returned from the market at Trenton to the Home Farm; both felt chilled and hungry, and saw with considerable satisfaction the blazing fire on the hearth, and the table spread with a plentiful supper which the housekeeper had provided.

"Well!" exclaimed Mike, after disembarrassing himself of his greatcoat, and the thick worsted scarf twisted in numerous folds around his neck, "like banks comfortable. Quite as well we did not stop before leaving. I thought you would never have settled about those infernal sheep," he added, "but you sold them at last, and for an excellent price."

"Must attend to Sir Norman's interests," quietly observed his amiable twin; "it's a point of conscience with me; he trusts me with everything connected with the selling and purchasing of stock, and that makes me more particular."

"No doubt," muttered his brother, drily; "he has an excellent steward, and you an excellent a place."

This observation was accompanied by one of the speaker's very knowing winks, and a thrusting of the tongue into the cheek, familiarities which, under present circumstances, the prudent, conscientious Sir. Sifer did not feel himself called upon to resent.

"They fetched an awful long price," added the courtier, alluding to the sheep.

"Pretty well."

"And all paid for on the nail?"

"I rarely give credit."

"I wonder you won't, sir!" continued his brother, rudely, as he return along the dark, lonely cross-roads, with so much money about you. It would have been dangerous in some parts if I have been it."

"No doubt," muttered the steward; "but we have no highwaymen in this part of the country; besides, I am known to travel well armed. Then you were with me, and that was a protection. Thieves seldom venture to attack two resolute men like ourselves."

"Of course not," replied Mike. "Two a is protection; still I mean to be paid."

"I shall," and the steward at the same time secretly resolved that the money should never be laid alluded to had not, in reality, been a danger; for his brother's disinclination of sense and town were not over nice.

"When you have done settling about rubbers and table manners," observed the Marquis, sharply, "perhaps you will sit down and get your suppers. I have waited long enough for you; more fool for my pains, seeing neither of you appear to have any appetite."

Mr. Sifers silently drew his chair towards the table. However impatient the Marquis might be his habits, manners, and actions from others, it was observed, he always received those of the steward with the most profound respect, and even deference.

"Capital!" exclaimed Mike, eating heartily.

"They are rather nice," said his brother, purchasing of Andrew's excellent fare.

"I don't appear to enjoy them," observed the former, addressing the housekeeper; "perhaps they are not a favorite dish of yours?"

"On the contrary," answered the woman, "I am exceedingly fond of them."

"Then allow me to assist you."

The housekeeper did not enjoy the ex-convict exhibition of the spoon, *toward the easiness of the dish*, and digging out the largest sheep's eye in the platter, and helped his brother and his friend, helped them each plentifully with the choicest parts of the animal.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed, in the tone of a person who suddenly recollects something, "how stupid of me. I left the liquor stand on the table in the kitchen, and those lazy greedy servants——"

The steward gave a dissatisfied laugh.

"Never mind," said Mike, whose appetite, reverence it had been, was partially appeased; "I'll fetch it for you; don't stir, get your supper."

"Oh, no, I can't permit——"

The instant they were alone, the woman darted a look of triumph at the steward, which, however, a flash of Florence of, and emptied the contents in two tumblers, dividing the quantity it contained between them. Then she filled the vessel with water.

"Drink," she said, presenting one of the glasses to Andrew Sifers; "that is a capital drop for a boy, she drained the contents of the other.

"Capital indeed," whispered the steward.

"No."

"I tell you I shall."

"Drink as I have done, and you may eat with impunity," answered the housekeeper. "My father, who was one of the best Scotch whisky in this part of the country, has told me to a hundred times. I always knew him were the first of a dozen persons, at least, who had been poisoned with mushrooms, with no other remedy. You will be glad of the fright and an hour or two's sickness."

The housekeeper made a very wry face, for he felt no inclination for the draught, which he drained, however, to the last drop, then handed back the glass to her.

Just as she had replaced them both upon the table, Andrew, the ex-convict, returning from his kitchen with the liquor, stared.

"Why, sister!" he exclaimed, "how pale you look."

This was addressed to his brother, whose countenance presented a ghastly appearance.

"He is faint," replied the woman; "he eats too long. I have told him so a hundred times, but it is of no use. He would rather risk his health than spend a shilling."

"I must do my duty to my employer," observed Andrew, meekly.

"Well," said his brother, "you neither on ye look particularly bright. Suppose we try a bottle

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fol rend. It'll do you good," he added, address ing himself more particularly to his twin.

The offer was accepted. All three partook of a glass of brandy, which had over good effect—it re proved the rooms which the oil had crowded, and brought the color once more to the cheeks of Andrew.

"There, I told yer so!" observed the convict.

"It certainly has done me good!" exclaimed the housekeeper, who acknowledged that she too had felt a little faint from waiting for her supper so long. "I declare my appetite has returned. A few more of the mushrooms, if you please!"

"Miss helped her plentifully.

"Come, Mr. Silas," added the woman, "I'll se you!"

Without paying the slightest regard to the soapy look which the steward gave her, the spinster pro ceeded to assist him in a similar manner; and then began to eat heartily, in order to encourage him. It was ludicrous to observe the consistency of the old man's features as he followed her example, un certain whether or not the morsels, on which the confederate so confidently relied, might prove ef fectual.

"Well," murmured his brother, with a sigh of repletion, "I think I've had enough."

The steward perked his head from him; he thought so too; but the housekeeper, with a confi dence which nothing could disturb, quickly helped the convict to more.

Although Andrew Silas proposed retiring at once to rest, under pretext that he had to rise early in the morning in order to execute operations which were being carried on upon the farm, he was induced by his sister to be persuaded. "He can't resist me," she declared with a smile; "and it is not a wonder or cotton one, as our readers in their simplicity might suppose—seeing that Mr. Silas's mighty neighbor could neither move nor lose man of smaller pigmy of gig-and-mane.

"Habit is second nature," he philosophically ob served, as he raised the fork.

The steward remained upon thorns while Miss and smoking and indulging in his potations. Never had the moments flown so fast; at last, the old gentleman, with a sigh, declared that he had eaten to the entire satisfaction of his sister, and that he was satisfied that it really was time to go to bed.

Before separating, he shook hands with Andrew and the housekeeper, and, taking his candle from the table, withdrew.

For some minutes the confederates in crime and regarding each other in silence: the man was the first to speak.

"A pretty scheme?" he observed.

The woman repeated him with an air of pity.

"I was a fool to listen to it," he continued. "It might have been done in a thousand ways, and as quite as securely. Who knows but our own lives may pay the penalty of the attempt?"

"From the hands of justice?" demanded Margaret, disdainfully.

"No, fear of that," observed her master; "but from having partaken of the accursed dish our selves."

"You are not of them?"

"I did," answered the steward, who appeared anything but satisfied with the assurance he quite knew she intended to convey.

"And do you think that I am tired of life?"

"I don't exactly know whether you are or not; sometimes I imagine it to be a matter of indifference to you."

"It is not so yet."

There was a marked emphasis on the word "yet."

"What mean you?"

"That the time may come when death will be a welcome release," replied the housekeeper. "It would be no one could I be sure that I should dream which haunt my pillow would not haunt me also in the grave. Do you know, Master, I added, fixing her dark eyes searchingly upon him?"

"Never."

"You are fortunate."

"Or if I do, I forget them," added the old man, with affected indifference.

"It's a lie, Andrew Silas!" exclaimed the woman, sharply. "*You do dream*; and, what is more, neither escape notice, and you will, some day, know. You forget that your room is next to mine, that a thin partition alone divides the two; often wake up in the dead hours of the night, the cold damp upon my forehead, and trembling in every limb. Then it is I hear you, and know that our pasts are the same, that our crime, is mutual. No, no," she continued, with more wildness, "I swear to you that to punish either of us to escape."

"Nonsense there is no danger. The remedy we have both taken is an infallible one. Sleep we may, nay, will follow it, and pains rack our bodies, but I repeat, our lives are safe."

With this assurance they separated, each retiring to their respective apartments.

Mike had slept rather more than an hour, when he awakened of violent spasms, which the great quantity of liquor he had taken for supper soon com pressed, make him up. For the first few moments he could not recollect where he was, but imagined himself in his old cottage in the Belvedere-road, and bemoaning his fate. But the burning intensity of his agony soon, however, brought him to a more perfect consciousness.

"Come those mushrooms," he uttered; "and no many of them. I wish I had some brandy in the house. What a fool I was not to bring the bottle up stairs with me!"

He turned from one side and then on the other; to the wide hope of stilling the pain or fall ing to sleep; nothing, however, could induce him to fly from him. His breath began to grow shorter and heavy, and drops of perspiration, wrung from him by the pains he endured, stood thickly on his brow.

Suddenly he started from the bed, and impa tiently struck a light.

"I must get up," he groaned.

Before doing so, the ruffian contemplated his features in the glass. His countenance appeared what was the appearance of a dark circle be tween his eyes, which he had received a violent blow: but what alarmed him most was a livid greenish hue upon his lips, and the almost irrepressible in clination to superintend he groaned his tongue from his mouth.

"Poison!" he grunted, "plotted! and Andrew has done it—the cold-blooded, unnatural villain! —my own brother-in-law, too! But I won't die alone."

Terror and anger gave him strength to partially dress himself. Catching up the light, he staggered rather than walked from the room, with the inten tion of reaching that of his unnatural relative. All his thoughts were of not dying unavenged.

As he approached the chamber-door, he saw a ray of light streaming through the crevices and key-hole.

"Watching, no doubt," he muttered.

A deep groan fell upon his ear.

"What is that?" he asked himself.

It was repeated, accompanied by a low, gurgling sob.

With one kick he burst open the door and entered the chamber. The sight that met his gaze was one to appall the most hardened.

Andrew Silas lay extended on his bed, writhing in agonies similar to his own; his brother was en during, and vomiting violently; his sufferings ap peared greater; and as Mike, whose sense of feeling had been in some measure deadened by the quantities of liquor he had taken, although his state was far more dangerous,

"What is it?" he demanded.

"Poisoned," groaned the guilty, terrified wretch; "those cursed mushrooms."

"Death!" ejaculated the convict, at the same time springing towards the bell, and ringing it violently, "I suspected housekeeper has done for us both."

The first servant who stood in the house were speedily alarmed, and came rushing half-dressed into the chamber. Their master could only pronounce the words "Dr. Pierce."

"Tell him we are poisoned," roared Mike.

"Poisoned!" echoed the housekeeper, whose chamber was the adjoining one, and who consequently overheard the ruffian's last remark, transpired; "then our sufferings will be useless."

Despite the agonies which filled his mind, her courage had never deserted her, as the result of her perfect coolness in the antidote she had taken.

One of the men ran to the stable and saddled a horse with all speed, while the housekeeper, after she brought a bottle of brandy from the sideboard where she had concealed it, eagerly and drank nearly half its contents.

Meanwhile the steward continued to writhe with pain.

"Didn't the other give wonder some?" demanded the man.

"*A dare say more in the house?*" selfishly inquired the sufferer, at this consideration being the only one sidered relieved by stilling for a moment the cr of the groans.

"Plenty below."

"Then keep them so. I shan't part with either."

The man left the room to do so; and Mike, with a muttered curse, was about to follow him to his brother, spirited from his brother in the housekeeper, spirited from his brother in the housekeeper, spirited from his brother in the housekeeper

on the first favorable opportunity, we set out homeward.

When we came in sight of the scene of the previous day's melancholy adventure, Harry Leslie suddenly galloped forward. We saw him pause, stretch out his hand, and gaze as if fascinated at some object before him. He recited for a moment in his subtle, then spurred furiously on. As we rode up, several vultures rose heavily in the air. We were literally horrified at the sight that met our eyes. The remains of natives had decomposed, thus completely stripping the body of the inferior covering. The vultures had dragged it from the thicket, and there it lay stark and stiff in the middle of the plain, the arms and limbs torn from the sockets, and not a vestige of humanity remaining, save that the form was still extended in the threatening attitude he had died in. The face, often, dwelt, beyond the wildest colored framework of the body, lay bare, picked clean of every particle of flesh, and the muscles and integuments of the neck and arms, stretched out stiff and bloody like bunches of gristled whipcord. A huge vulture, we gorged from the carrion repast to follow his companion, was perched on the body; it gave a harsh, hoarse shriek at our approach, and then pigs the leathern wings, made a feeble effort to rise. We knocked the monster on the head.

We made a report of the whole affair to the commanding officer, and the remains of the unfortunate officer decently interred. Harry Leslie was acquitted of all charges with a severe reprimand and left orders to abstain from dueling in future; but he was poor and unfriended, and fiercely fetid had powerful connections.

"There was little need to reprimand poor Leslie. He was of a sensitive and religious temperament by nature, and he took the affair so much to heart that at the end of a week he was confined to his bed sick. But the shock he had received accelerated the disease, and the poor fellow sank so rapidly that it was found impossible to remove him. He died in my arms a fortnight after the occurrence I have related.

"I sedulously fulfilled his last wishes. I visited Montreal the following year, and sought out the poor widow. She had already learnt her loss, and been it with the resignation of a Christian. Her religion had softened every rebellious feeling in her heart. She was left nearly unprovided for by her lord Harry and of the young lady he was attached to.

"'My poor Alice and Harry,' said she, 'loved each other since their childhood; but we were all poor, and Alice's father, who is a man of rank, and an ample fortune, had, for her sake to be tempted to try his skill at the tables. He has lost all, and is not going to join him,' she continued. 'Young hearts are wayward, and she has never once given me her hand since my Harry's death.'

"I mentioned that I had a small packet for her which I had promised, if possible, to deliver into her own hand. Mrs. Leslie said it would be a great consolation to her to see any memorial of her son, and she was certainly one of the most beautiful beings I had ever seen. Her whole soul was breathing so spiritual and seraphic a her loveliness as warned the beholder she was not long for earth. It was evident the poor girl was fast hastening to rejoin the one she loved. She received me as a brother, and hung eagerly on the slightest particular I gave her of my departed friend. Her love for him and sympathy for his trials seemed to endear me more than his mother. We parted as those who never expect to meet on this side of the grave again.

"On my arrival in England I read of her death."

JERRY SPENCER:
AND HOW HE FOUND A HOME.

BY AUGUSTA HOSMER.

At the tender age of five years Jerry Spencer was left an orphan to the tender mercies of relatives who had never loved his mother.

But was the heart of the poor little child when he lay down at night, when he rose up at morn, sad and heavy.

His dear mother used to go always with him to his little bed, and sing him sweetly to sleep, and had heard him say his simple prayer. She always kissed him, and called him dear, dear, "God bless my little son," and the sleep of the child had been sweeter for the gentle speech; though help the words. But now he was sent away to his rest alone and in the dark—for it was winter. He was told that he was a boy to be a babe any longer. His one only sister, who for a few weeks was with him in the house, was not permitted to go and sit beside her beloved brother, which she was privileged would have done. She also, however, often crept to the outside of his chamber door, and listening to him through the key-hole as she was there, and would sit close by the door until he was asleep. This was a great comfort to Jerry, who was in a strange and cruel place, and always seeing things moving, and hearing sings, and rustlings of the wind, he was afraid to be in the dark.

But by-and-by his dear sister was taken by other relations, and Jerry had no comforter left. When his mother was alive, he had always the one to go to, he was bending over him when he came back from the beautiful land of dreams; but now no one came to him to kiss him, or to help him down.

His aunt thought it all nonsense to be indulgent or attentive to a child, and that it was a great deal about the bad manner in which children were brought up, and how they were all spoilt they were good for nothing. Her children, she said, should be taught different fashion. She had two children, and no one would discover that they were much less indulged than children usually are; but they were brought up, Jerry—he certainly was being trained in the new method.

Mrs. Masters was a sister of Jerry's father. She was a hard, unsympathizing being, and had despised her brother's feelings, loving with keenness and gentle and loving, and because her husband had loved her so devotedly.

As she was to be plagued with the boy, she at once determined that she would chase all the mother out of him. It was what she had the power to do. She rendered the poor child miserable, but did not change his love.

He was but a babe; yet so well had he understood the love that was for him, and the home where to find a friend and could avail him in all trouble and fear. It did not need the reminders of his sister, who, all long intervals, she was brought to see him, to cause him to remember his evening and his morning prayer; and to "Our Father" etc., he often added simple petitions in his own words.

As he grew older he became an object of jealousy to his aunt, whom own boys grew rough and coarse with each passing year, while Jerry was so good and gentle that her husband became more fond of him than he was of his own children.

But Jerry feared his uncle, for he was a very violent tempered man, and if things went wrong he would storm and swear frightfully. The little boy, therefore, was always very shy of his petting and favors of Mr. Masters, and kept as much as possible out of his way.

Where Mrs. Masters found how much her husband thought of the orphan boy she grew very angry, and taunted him with want of natural affection. She told him that Jerry was artful, and only seemed good. "He is the deepest young one that ever I saw grow up," said he known well on which side his bread is buttered. Just think of the evil in a child of his age in trying to stop between a father and son!"

"But he don't try—he always makes off when he sees me shook. Indeed, I would like to take him with me, and should very likely buy him things, to work's go if he can help it, but always says—Please, sir, I think Herman and William would rather go.' "

"The little hypocrite," said Mrs. Masters, angrily.

"Why do you call him so?" inquired her husband.

"Because I cannot help it. To see such duplicity in such a child makes me fairly sick. He is one of the most deceitful little ones that ever I had to do with, and while you and your favor, boast-hearted boys act out their naughtiness, he is all the while sneaks away to cut up his mean capers out of your sight."

"Why—what does she boy do, Marcia?"

"Do!" Why, he does enough—yes, quite enough. He's always doing something bad."

"But what?"

"Mrs. Masters was in a dilemma. She didn't like to tell a deliberate lie; and for her life she couldn't think of a single fault to accuse the child of just then. But keep a woman in a corner if you can.

"Oh! I'm not going to try to set you against my own brother's child. You needn't ask me what he does, for if you know half you'd be so mad you'd never talk to me again. I can manage him very well myself, only you just mind you don't go to spoiling him with your nonsense, or perhaps you may find that I've a word to say. I've no desire to see you go to the child's pet when he you would be frightened to death."

"I'll take care," said he, in more hit that child a blow than I'd strike my grandmother," and the great giant of a man; and he turned over and began whistling a favorite sailor song.

Jerry was ten years old. He had run up tall, slender, delicate. When he was at his best, said, contemplatively, "that like a healthy boy." But he was not at his best now, and his little eyes were almond-shaped, and their edges deeply fringed with black—much longer and darker than the fitted them to your face, you could often see in their depths a merry sparkle, which told what a bright little spirit was there, and what a power was apt to be, though he was not. His cousin Herman was a good-hearted boy, and a kind brother to Jerry, but he was somewhat afraid of his bad boy, because his mother said he was such.

As Mrs. Masters knew the disposition dear of the dark—the took particular pains to be always sending him of errands about the house in the evening. She studied, as she said, to be kind to Jerry. She would never let him take a light, lest he should set the house on fire, and as he had to go went up stairs with a lamp, she was sure, after they had gone down, to extinguish it, so that he was in no stray spark was kindling anywhere. She think child sometimes ventured to beg that one of his cousins might go with him, but his request was never regarded.

Perhaps every one knows what it is to go up stairs in the dark, having a sense of something behind close behind, and yet not daring to look or one's heels. Under such circumstances, how exceedingly delightful it is to reach the room, and feel out of harm's way; and in another mood, with what pleasure one can look back and see the shoe the thing that he isn't in the least afraid—no, not in the least. But imagination is a sad thing to set against silly fears, though he does enter the door into the light with surpassing quickness, and though there are drops, and supported by legs upon his elbow, while his eyes are unusually extinguished.

Jerry would go trembling along—his hands outstretched, his eyes fixed, his imagination at work—to be returned to the family keeping-room, he greatly say to you all in a breath, and to see him cidedly like without mercy.

About this time his health pale—his heart began to trouble him so much that he would frequently be obliged to sit down wherever he might be, and to wait until it would be still. He would flutter and beat so that it seemed to be some bird imprisoned and terrified enough to burst from his breast, or it would rise up and swell till he was afraid it would choke him. He was very much frightened at these strange feelings, but when he tried to tell his aunt about them, she told him he was full of what she called "nonsense" and "imaginations," but that study and work would cure him. He certainly did not understand, or understand any such feelings, and they only laughed at him, and he became more silent and shy.

One night, as Jerry was coming down stairs in the dark, he felt something behind him, and in fear! how it frightened him. Giving a wild scream, he sprang recklessly down the remaining stairs, falling, so far this as to beautiful shadow on the wall, and ornamented a cloth in the wall. It fell with him to the floor, and was dashed to fragments.

His aunt came running into the hall, and on seeing what was done, caught Jerry by the arm, and shook him roughly, then dragged him into the room where they still sat, and whipped him with a cane. The poor, half-dead child lay aged for mercy. "Oh! aunt, do have pity. I did not mean to do any mischief. I am scared. Oh! don't kill me, aunt—don't! don't!"

"What do you mean by screaming in such a manner?" she said. "Do you want to make out that I have been cruel to you? Are you not receiving you as you deserve for your abominable carriage? Will you ever behave yourself? Will you? you don't shut up,

"Oh, aunt, what does make you treat me so?" said the child. "Don't I always try to please you?"

"You play the hypocrite pretty successfully before me, I will allow; but your conduct is not from the heart. It is only your way to show him for it. I have heard all the wicked lies which you have told about me. You need not think that people who are mean enough to listen to your falsehoods about the friends who keep you, and do for you as if you were their own child, will keep your secret for you. They repeat all the lies that you tell them."

"I never told anybody any lies, aunt," cried Jerry, his face reddening with indignant feeling; "who says I ever did?"

"Oh, there are plenty who know what you are. It's useless for you to deny it."

"I never told lies. I have told never to complain; but perhaps I may have said things that I ought not. I never in my life said one half the talks about how unhappy I am, but I am sorry that I ever spoke at all. Oh! how I wish that I could go to my mother."

"Humph!" said his aunt, and walked off.

Jerry sat a long time crying on the floor. Herman came to him and tried to console him. "But you ought not to let them scold you," he said, earnestly.

"Poor Herman! Jerry did not tell his cousin that he never had done so. He looked at him with infinite pity, and his sobs were all stifled.

"Have much better not to let her mind," he said, "to have the memory of such a mother as was mine, and though she has been so long, has a cousin, with his cruelty hurts, with all his presents, and his playthings, and his colonel themselves if you would not change places with Herman for the whole world."

"Herman," said Jerry, "do you love me?"

"Yes, I do, Jerry; but I wish you was a better boy."

"Well, Henry, never mind that now. You will understand me better another time. If you will but that your mother is very strange about some things. But, Herny, will you promise me something?"

"Yes, that I will, if you won't cry any more."

"Then you will, on next what I am going to my until to-morrow. It is not much to say, either. But, my dear Henny, if you never do, I shall be very sad. You have no idea how good times we have had together, see the prayer He's always done, and how I love you. I do love you, and how I loved you, Herny—" and the speaker fell into a violent fit of weeping, and hid his face in his arm.

Herman was crying in his sleeping-room when his mother found him; but he would not tell her what had befallen him. He told her all at another time.

Jerry was sent to bed that night without tea, and, contemplatively, "that like a healthy boy." But he was not a healthy boy, and his little eyes were almond-shaped, and their edges deeply fringed with black—much longer and darker than the fitted them to your face, you could often see in their depths a merry sparkle, which told what a bright little spirit was there, and what a power was apt to be, though he was not. His cousin Herman was a good-hearted boy, and a kind brother to Jerry, but he was somewhat afraid of his bad boy, because his mother said he was such.

As Mrs. Masters knew the disposition dear of the dark—she took particular pains to be always sending him of errands about the house in the evening. She studied, as she said, to be kind to Jerry. She would never let him take a light, lest he should set the house on fire, and as he had to go went up stairs with a lamp, she was sure, after they had gone down, to extinguish it, so that he was in no stray spark was kindling anywhere. She think child sometimes ventured to beg that one of his cousins might go with him, but his request was never regarded.

Perhaps every one knows what it is to go up stairs in the dark, having a sense of something behind close behind, and yet not daring to look or one's heels. Under such circumstances, how exceedingly delightful it is to reach the room, and feel out of harm's way; and in another mood, with what pleasure one can look back and see the shoe the thing that he isn't in the least afraid—no, not in the least. But imagination is a sad thing to set against silly fears, though he does enter the door into the light with surpassing quickness, and though there are drops, and supported by legs upon his elbow, while his eyes are unusually extinguished.

Jerry would go trembling along—his hands outstretched, his eyes fixed, his imagination at work—to be returned to the family keeping-room, he greatly say to you all in a breath, and to see him cidedly like without mercy.

About this time his health pale—his heart began to trouble him so much that he would frequently be obliged to sit down wherever he might be, and to wait until it would be still. He would flutter and beat so that it seemed to be some bird imprisoned and terrified enough to burst from his breast, or it would rise up and swell till he was afraid it would choke him. He was very much frightened at these strange feelings, but when he tried to tell his aunt about them, she told him he was full of what she called "nonsense" and "imaginations," but that study and work would cure him. He certainly did not understand, or understand any such feelings, and they only laughed at him, and he became more silent and shy.

One night, as Jerry was coming down stairs in the dark, he felt something behind him, and in fear! how it frightened him. Giving a wild scream, he sprang recklessly down the remaining stairs, falling, so far this as to beautiful shadow on the wall, and ornamented a cloth in the wall. It fell with him to the floor, and was dashed to fragments.

His aunt came running into the hall, and on seeing what was done, caught Jerry by the arm, and shook him roughly, then dragged him into the room where they still sat, and whipped him with a cane. The poor, half-dead child lay aged for mercy. "Oh! aunt, do have pity. I did not mean to do any mischief. I am scared. Oh! don't kill me, aunt—don't! don't!"

"What do you mean by screaming in such a manner?" she said. "Do you want to make out that I have been cruel to you? Are you not receiving you as you deserve for your abominable carriage? Will you ever behave yourself? Will you? you don't shut up,

"Oh, aunt, what does make you treat me so?" said the child. "Don't I always try to please you?"

"You play the hypocrite pretty successfully before me, I will allow; but your conduct is not from the heart. It is only your way to show him for it. I have heard all the wicked lies which you have told about me. You need not think that people who are mean enough to listen to your falsehoods about the friends who keep you, and do for you as if you were their own child, will keep your secret for you. They repeat all the lies that you tell them."

"I never told anybody any lies, aunt," cried Jerry, his face reddening with indignant feeling; "who says I ever did?"

"Oh, there are plenty who know what you are. It's useless for you to deny it."

"THE POETRY OF HEAVEN."

BY ELLEN M. HUTCHINSON.

Oh, sentient volume, gloriously bright!
With legends of the angels and their God!
I've read thee over by this splendid light,
And found in visionless worship on the sod.

Thy verses rest in music strange and deep,
Like the sweet harmonies of the Blessed Heaven
By all the radiant lyres that mingle sweep,
Led by the sainted choir of timeless ancient Even.

Oft when the solemn, dreamy Night flings wide
The star-sprent mantle of her mystic pages,
She reads me tales attuned by all beside,
Stories of many a past and future age.

She tells me how the Undying Poet wrote
Thy wondrous lines in words of fire,
While through the eastern air was heard to float
The burning praise of every angel's lyre.

Yet have I read far brighter things than this
Upon the radiant page thy scrolls engage—
It is a promise of eternal bliss,
Of light and life and the transforming mercies divine.

TWO BEAR-TRAPS:
AND WHAT WAS CAUGHT IN THEM.

BY STEPHANIE CORD, JR.

As I sat in the office of the Conway House one evening, where quite a party were assembled, Ethan Kent came hopping in, and pulled a chair up near the stove by my side. I had noticed that he got his leg injured during some sort of a bear-hunt, but I had not learned the particulars; so I ventured to ask him how the thing happened.

"Didn't you never hear about that?" he asked, good-naturedly.

"No, I never did, and I wish you would tell me all about it."

"Guess you've been 'bout 'sa 'twas in a 'tarnal hurry scrape, hain't ye?" he said, guffawing his logs up for an easy position.

I bowed just that much, and no more."

"Wal—now you shall hear the whole co'k, an' I shall, you'll have a mess of it. Wal, then. When I first settled up under old Mote the bears was awful thick, 'specially in the fall, and I began to have trouble with 'em the very first season I was there. I caught a good many in my traps, but then I began to think 'at I was drivin' a pooty fair bargain with the critters. Their hides, an' talier, an' hams sold for a good deal o' 'reakins, but then I noticed they destroyed would have come to. But finally I come across an old feller that puzzled me.

"One season, just as my corn was in the stiff, I found there was a bear in some of it. What I did

PROVIDENCE.

BY ALICE CARY.

From morning mist, and misting mood,
The sinner eyes the wayside seed and sees
Fruit that will feed the birds, and that is all;
And finds the lily's beauty; and to that stint set,
Thinks only of the sunny days, and grows,
Or, by and-by, a rose, a single rose,
Lifted the faces that see the sun.

But whosoever's sweet soul has overlooked one day,
Or one hour in the harder, piteous task it were—
Whatever one life is entrusted to—that life
Grows in a garden bed, or by the door
That his or children's days feel plainest around,
For his kisses, trembling, sunk upon the ground

Then, o'er the pain of the lonely earth, the tears
Of penitence were wrong; until at last
The golden key of love, that on the pure
In his conquest need had rusted lost,
Has borrower, and his lover's, dear, very hour,
Opened to God's good possession, like a flower.

A WESTERN HERO.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

CHAPTER I.

It was a wild, fearful scene—a scene of carnage and destruction. Lurid shrieks of pain, and yells of rage, defiance, and triumph, commingled with reports of musketry, and blows and thuds from the clash-ing of steel, resounded on every hand.

A small but gallant band of Kentuckians were completely surrounded by an overpowering horde of dusky savages, and were fighting desperately while falling victims to superior numbers—fighting for the hope of retreat, but with none of victory.

The scene was partly in an open glade, and partly in a surrounding forest, not far from the banks of the Ohio. It was in the year 1780, and in Indiana, but which was then an unapportioned and unsettled wilderness.

Over this open glade were hurrying hundreds of human beings—some mounted and some on foot—some white, and dressed in the rough costume of the borderers—but more of the dusky hue, half-naked and hideously painted—and all of whom were those called to the fierce, ungovernable fury of fighting will breath.

Many a sinewy brave was snorting and bounding away; while the ground was strewn with the dead and dying—the latter soon ceasing from the agonies of life, as the knife or tomahawk of either foe made his work sure. There were old sears and youths, and men in the prime of manhood, all doing their duty bravely, and showing down the foe in close encounter, or being themselves borne down to a bloody end.

Foremost among the Kentuckian, in the very hottest of the fight, most desperate even than the oldest veterans, rode a tall, fine-looking youth, who charged upon the foe without regard to numbers or peril—and who they fell beneath the almost superhuman strength of his single arm. Several times his horse was seized by the bit, and borne back almost upon its haunches, while the spirited bestowed was aimed at the head of the rider; but with the quickness of thought, and the strength of a Hercules, the brave were seized by the neck, and returned with a precision that laid his opponent bleeding beneath the feet of his fiery animals, which literally trampled them into the dust, as the undaunted youth still urged him on to new conquest with word and voice.

"On, comrades!" he shouted—and his loud, clear tones were heard above the din of battle. "On, for the honor of old Kentucky! Though surrounded by four times our number, we are not yet defeated; and will not be while there is an arm left to strike!"

Almost as he spoke, a shower of balls was poured in upon him, some striking his clothes, and wounding him seriously, while his gallant steed sank under him, springing from the neck of his fallen foe, and, into the very midst of his dusky foes, this noble youth, wounded and bleeding though he was, still laid around him with desperation, the balls whistling around him fearfully, and a dozen arms raised for his destruction.

Suddenly and dumbfounded, however, alone and assailed, he continued to fight his way through his savage foes, back to the main body of his friends, whether they were called on to order once for retreat.

As several, who were mounted, wheeled their horses to obey this welcome command, our hero dashed suddenly in among them, and, seizing the bits of two animals, one in either hand, he fairly brought them round, and so quickly as almost to throw their riders, at the same time shouting:

"For shame! for shame! who dare retreat—by any order—by any command—and leave our wounded comrades to the vengeance of our foes! Dear buck, now—if you be man—and let us bring off our companions with honor! Are you men, or not?"

But his valiant call was unheeded by those who thought only of saving their own lives; and the moment the youth released his hold of their bridles, they darted swiftly away.

"My curse go with you, for pusillanimous cowards!" he shouted after them; and then discovering another party on foot, as eagerly retreating also, he threw himself before them, and exclaimed:

"Hold! I command you, by every feeling of honor, turn back and save the lives of our wounded friends!"

"Out of my way, boy!" said a tall, sprigging fellow, as he pushed eagerly forward to pass the youth: "You're out our captain! Haven't you learn the order for retreat? and don't you know, if we should have a talent, you'll be tomahawked and scalped by the bloody varmints around, who've hemmed us in?"

"Yes! yes!" cried most of the rest; "Jos Hawkins says right!"

"We'll all be killed if we stop here!" said one.

"Turn back, and we shall only make a fool of yourself!" cried another.

If we'd attempt to save the wounded, we'd parry ourselves!" said another.

"Curse them!" said another; "and quicker, too—or we'll have to leave you as well as them!"

"Never!" returned the youth, with a mingled flash of pride and shame; "never will I desert my friends in such a cowardly manner! Until the others arrive, I will not put my foot aboard your boat, whatever may be the consequence."

"Then we'll have to leave you among the rest," called out a third; "for it's better a few should perish than all, and all will, if we stay here a minute longer."

He seized an oar as he spoke, and was about to push off the boat, regardless of all lives save his own, when the youth, throwing his rifle across the rest of a fallen tree, pointed the muzzle at his breast, and exclaimed:

"Beware! the first man that stands that boat one foot from the shore shall our comrades perish, or I will shoot, so help me God!"

The man, knowing the youth, and knowing him to be one who would keep his word, sat once threw down the oar, muttering some bitter curses against his folly; but a few of the others, moved to feelings of shame and admiration by his heroic self-sacrifice, took part with our hero, and declared that all should escape, or all perish together.

While thus engaged in their work of mercy, a body of the Indians, about twice their number, came rushing down upon them; and another terrible encounter took place; during which the youth was struck by some foe or five more balls—one shattering his left arm, three inflicting flesh-wounds upon different parts of his body, but none of them, fortunately, touching a vital part.

Finding the victory not so easy as they expected, several of their number having either been killed or wounded in this new encounter, the assailing Indians suddenly drew back from our dauntless little band, and set off in pursuit of those who, judging from the eagerness of their flight, would not be likely

to make so desperate a resistance.

"These others for us, comrades!" cried the youth.

These others were accordingly given, and they had a good will; and when they re-commenced their work of slaughter the wounded friends, for whose safety our brave youth seemed to be the only guardian, were soon borne down to the bloody earth, and the fierce encounter, so desperate in its every feature, was ended.

Having found no weapon into his belt, he picked up a rifle, and, bidding it between his knees, his left hand hanging over it, with the right he succeeded to load it with his right, all the while keeping sharp watch for his enemies. By the time this was completed, his companions were ready to set out for the river; but just as they were about to leave the wood, another quarter of the field called out:

"Help us, help us! For the love of God, save us!"

"I know that voice," said the youth; "it is a brave fellow who calls on us; and we must save him, at all hazards!"

"I fear it's more than we can do as our situation," returned one; "the most brilliant we can hope for is to escape; and if we escape as it is, it'll be a miracle."

"Save us!" called out the voice again; "in humanity's name, don't let the savages butcher and scalp me alive! I've got to die, I want to die in Old Kentucky, among my friends!"

This was an appeal not to be resisted by brave men with feeling hearts; but it might have been answered, nevertheless, had the party been left to its fate, had it not been for the gallant youth, who declared it would sit on the field sooner than leave a companion in such a strait.

On reaching the spot where the poor fellow lay, they found him with one leg and one arm broken, and a serious wound in his breast. Lifting him up gently, they began to bear him to the only spot which was not yet laden; and carefully placing him upon the back of the horse they were last in the act of setting forward, when the youth, who had been quickly surveying the field and examining the fallen, called out to them that there was one more yet with life, who must not be left to die.

As two of the party ran back to pick them up, another quarter of the field was heard from, and in a few minutes had been busy in different quarter, and had now returned to the main body, and began to look upon their work of slaughter with a satisfied air.

Then, with the wounded man in the midst of them, they formed in line